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THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope Esq.
VOLUME IV.
CONTAINING HIS
SATIRES, &c.

LONDON,
Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON in Ludgate-street.
MDCCL.

THE
WORKS

Alexander Pope Esq.

TO THE

SALES

LONDON

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MDCCLXXII

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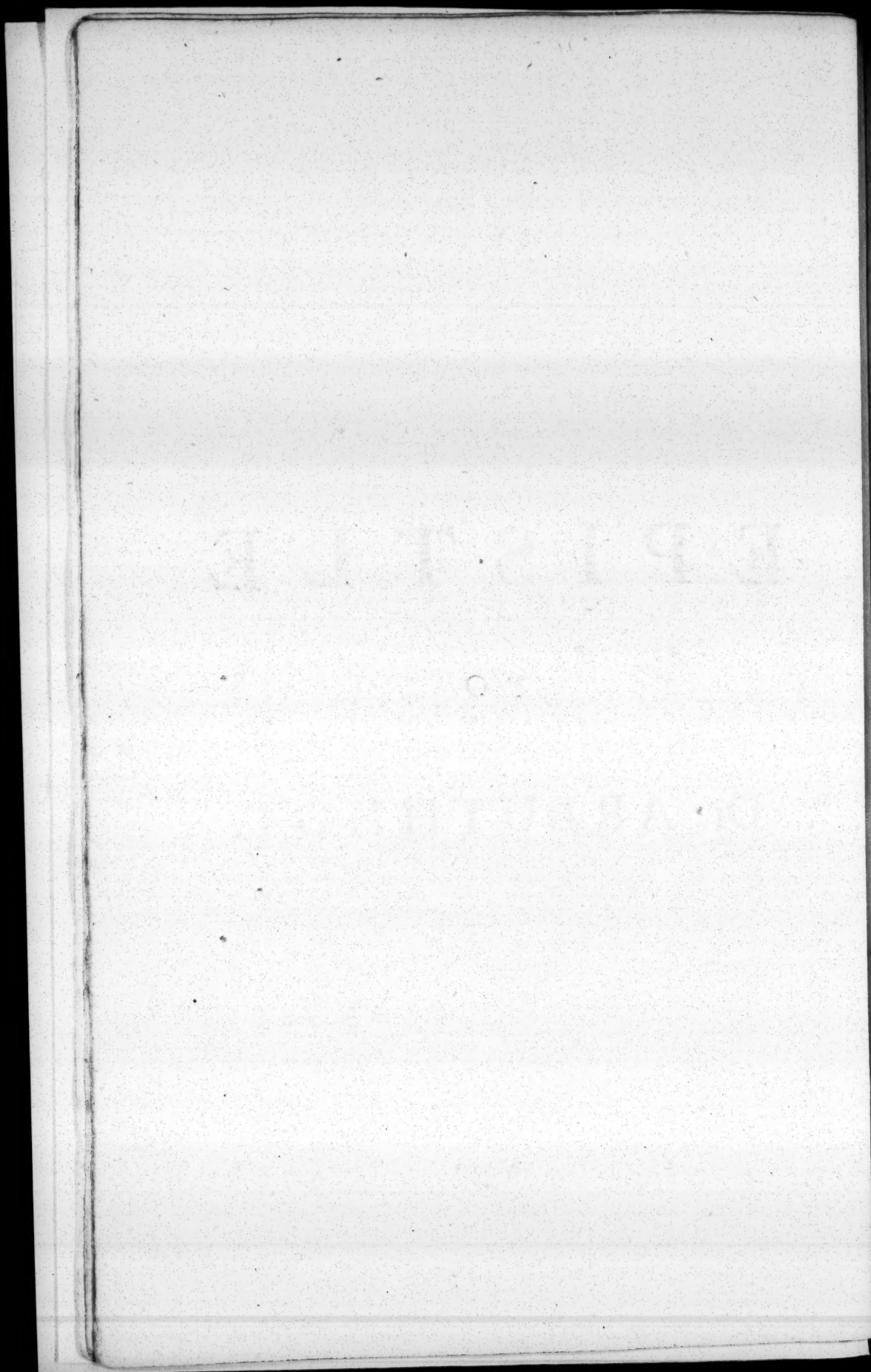
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EPISTLE

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

* B



ADVERTISEMENT

T O

The first publication of this *Epistle*.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so aukward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this *Epistle*. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to

those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious or the ungenerous.*

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true ; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*. P.

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T. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion, sculp.

*Shut, shut the Door, good John. 'fatigued I said
Tye up the Knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.*

Ep. to Arbuthnot.

E P I S T L E

T O

Dr. A R B U T H N O T.

An Apology for himself and his Writings.

Being the Prologue to the Satire.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd
I said,

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,

All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,

5

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?

They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,

They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10

No place is sacred, not the Church is free,

Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searle, his old and faithful servant: whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will.

* B 3

Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy ! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross* ?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls ?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 20
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :
Poor Cornus fees his frantic wife elope, 25
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life ! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)

VARIATIONS.

After *γ* 20. in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance ? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me :
Is there a Prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his Semptress' praise—

NOTES.

VER. 13. *Mint*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Esq.

to the SATIRES.

7

What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
 I fit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, 39
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. in the 1st Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
 Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-pen'd stanzas*.

VER. 38. *honest anguish,*] i. e. undissembled.

Ibid. *an aching head;*] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*] A pleasant allusion to those words of Milton,

*Dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated Verse.*

" The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45

" I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: " You know his Grace,

" I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—" but here's a letter

" Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

" Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

" He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

Bless me! a packet.—" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55

" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, " Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

VER. 60. in the former Edd.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Caesar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
 " And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
 Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 " Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65
 At last he whispers, " Do; and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
 I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80

NOTES.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale* in *Dryden's Fables*.

VER. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass.*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie ?)
The Queen, of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who thames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of slimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100

NOTES.

VER. 88. Alluding to Horace,
*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

P.

VER. 96. *arch'd eye-brow,*] The eye-brow is raised in
the expression of insolent contempt.

VER. 98. *free-masons Moor?*] He was of this society,
and frequently headed their processions.

Still Sappho—A. Hold ! for God sake—you'll offend,
 No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend :
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall ;
 But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
 Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, " Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court : 115
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such *Ovid*'s nose, and " Sir ! you have an Eye—
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 " Just so immortal *Maro* held his head :"

VARIATIONS.

VER. III. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe ;
 And others roar aloud, " Subscribe, subscribe."
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave ;
 Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 135
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;

VARIATIONS.

After γ 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl ^a admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire ^b:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother ^c, not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

^a Curl set up his head for a sign. ^b His Father was crooked.
^c His mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head, 140
 And *St. John's* ſelf (great *Dryden's* friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd !
 Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd !
 From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Talbot*, &c.] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden ; though a ſcandalous libel againſt him, entitled, *Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pieces : perſons, with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age ; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Poſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following,

While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe ? &c. P.

VER. 146. *Burnets*, &c.] Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.

Ibid. *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.] By no means Authors of the ſame claſs, though the violence of party might hurry them into the ſame miſtakes. But if the firſt offended this way, it was only through an honeſt warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent underſtanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts ſtill worſe.

Soft were my numbers ; who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense ?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill ;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret ;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad ;
 If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From flashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds* :

NOTES.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream*, is a
 verse of Mr. Addison. P.

VER. 164. *flashing Bentley*] This great man, with all
 his faults, deserved to be put into better company. The
 following words of Cicero describe him not amiss. " Ha-
 " buit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte
 " limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum
 " et follers: sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigi-
 " dum, interdum etiam facetum."

Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms 169
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 As man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,

NOTES.

VER. 169. *Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms, &c.]*
 Our Poet had the full pleasure of this amusement soon after the publication of his *Shakespear*. Nor has his Friend been less entertained since the appearance of his edition of the same poet. The liquid *Amber* of whose Wit has lately licked up, and enrolled such a quantity of these *Insects*, and of tribes so grotesque and various, as would have puzzled *Reaumur* to give names to. Two or three of them it may not be amiss to preserve and keep alive. Such as the Rev. Mr. *J. Upton*, *Thomas Edwards*, Esq; and, to make up the Triumvirate, their learned Coadjutor, that very respectable personage, Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.—
 As to the poetic imagery of this passage, it has been much and justly admired ; for the most detestable things in nature, as a *toad*, or a *beetle*, become pleasing when well represented in a work of Art. But it is no less eminent for the beauty of the thought. For though a scribler *exists* by being thus incorporated, yet he *exists intombed*, a lasting monument of the wrath of the Muses.

VER. 173. *Were others angry:]* The Poets.

That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify? for who can *guess*?
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left: 184
 And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not Poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these, my modest Satire bad *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

NOTES.

VER. 180.—*a Persian tale.*] Amb. Philips translated a Book called the *Persian tales*. P.

VER. 184. *Steals much, spends little, and has nothing left:*] A fine improvement of this line of Boileau,
Qui toujours emprunt, et jamais ne gagne rien.

VER. 186. *Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:*] A case common both to *Poets* and *Critics* of a certain order; only with this difference, that the *Poet* writes himself out of his *own meaning*; and the *Critic* never gets into *another man's*. Yet both keep going on, and *blundering round about* their subject, as benighted people are wont to do, who seek for an entrance which they cannot find.

Peace to all such ! but were there One whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;

NOTES.

VER. 193. *But were there one whose fires, &c.*] The strokes in this Character are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he says, " Since you now know where your strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not ; and, by that means, brought satiric Poetry to its perfection.

VARIATIONS.

After ✕ 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,

Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he!
 What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
 I fought no homage from the Race that write;
 I kept, like *Asian Monarchs*, from their fight: 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great *GEORGE*! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;

NOTES.

VER. 214. *ATTICUS*] It was a great falsehood, which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

VER. 216. *claps, in capitals?*] The bills of Quack-Doctors and Quack Booksellers being usually pasted together on the same posts.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm. P.

Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down; 225
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.

VARIATIONS.

After y 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 236.—*a true Pindar stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Ursin. &c.* P.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :

But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,

He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill !

May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still ! 250

So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,

Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,

Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,

May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !

Bless be the *Great* ! for those they take away, 255

And those they left me ; for they left me *GAY* ;

Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,

Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :

Of all thy blameless life the sole return 259

My Verse, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn !

Oh let me live my own, and die so too !

(To live and die is all I have to do :)

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books I please :

Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265

Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.

NOTES.

VER. 248. — *help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestow'd upon him by the contribution of several persons of Quality. P.

VER. 265. — *tho' I condescend &c.*] He thought it, and he justly thought it, a condescension in an *honest* Man to accept the friendship of any one, how high soever, whose

I was not born for Courts or great affairs ;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
 Heav'ns ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
 Has Life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ? 274
 " I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed ? no doubt
 " (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
 " No, such a Genius never can lie still ;

VARIATIONS.

After γ 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I fought, and seek them still :
 Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
 The World I knew, but made it not my School ^a,
 And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

^a By *not making the World his School* he means, he did not form his system of morality, on the principles or practice of men in business.

NOTES.

conduct in life was governed only on *principles of policy*: for of what *ministers* he speaks, may be seen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to.

VER. 271. *Why am I ask'd &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of those impertinent complaints, which were perpetually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement.—A French writer says well on this occasion—*Dès qu'on est auteur, il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté.*

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 286
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?
 Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
 Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out: 290
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:

VARIATIONS.

After *y* 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
 As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound;
 With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
 Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.

A. No—the high task to lift up Kings to Gods
 Leave to Court-sermons, and to birth-day Odes.
 On themes like these, superior far to thine,
 Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.

P. Why write at all? — A. Yes, silence if you keep,
 The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love* ;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray :
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there ; 300

NOTES.

VER. 293.—*selfishly approve,*] Because to deny, or pretend not to see, a well established merit, would impeach his own heart or understanding.

VER. 294. *And show the sense of it without the love ;*] i. e. will never suffer the *admiration* of an excellence to produce any *esteem* for him, to whom it belongs.

VER. 295. *Who has the vanity to call you friend, Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;*] When a great Genius, whose writings have afforded the world much pleasure and instruction, happens to be enviously attacked, or falsely accused, it is natural to think, that a sense of gratitude for so agreeable an obligation, or a sense of that honour resulting to our Country from such a Writer, should raise amongst those who *call* themselves his *friends*, a pretty general indignation. But every day's experience shews us the very contrary. Some take a malignant satisfaction in the attack ; others a foolish pleasure in a literary conflict ; and the far greater part look on with a selfish indifference.

VER. 299. *Who to the Dean, and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr. Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of filk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk? 306
 Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

VER. 320. *Half froth*,] Alluding to those frothy excretions, called by the people, *Toad spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which lie hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis.
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part, 326
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile ; Be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.

NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*
 His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider,
 that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most
 poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Vol-
 taire in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from
 England to a friend in Paris. " I intend to send you two
 " or three poems of Mr. Pope, the best poet of England,
 " and at present of all the world. I hope you are ac-
 " quainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensi-
 " ble of all the charms of his works. For my part, I
 " look upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as su-
 " perior to the Art of poetry of Horace ; and his *Rape*
 " *of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Def-

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;

NOTES.

“ preaux. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so
 “ gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so
 “ refined knowledge of the world, as in this little perform-
 “ ance.” *MS. Let. O&T. 15, 1726.*

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth*] The term is from fal-
 conry ; and the allusion to one of those untamed birds of
 spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles be-
 fore it regards, or *stoops to*, its prey.

VER. 350. *the lye so oft oe'rthrown*] As, that he re-
 ceived subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name
 to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, tho' publicly dis-
 proved were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Li-
 bels, and even in that called *the Nobleman's Epistle*. P.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash*] Such as profane *Psalms*,
Court-Poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his
 Name by Curl and others. P.

The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear—
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past:
 For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360
 P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
 A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

NOTES.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!*] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady *Virtue*, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it, which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welfsted's* lye.

370

VARIATIONS.

VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
 And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit :
 Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid ;
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did :
 Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

NOTES.

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

VER. 375. *Welfsted's Lye.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he libell'd the Duke of Chandos ; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds* : the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever. P.

To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life ; 376
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will ;
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

NOTES.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author. P.

VER. 379. *except his Will*] Alluding to *Tindal's Will*: by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgell*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,
 had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitation of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsey—His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Esq. of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*
 Unspotted names, and memorable long! 386
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P.
 Their own, 390
 And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne.
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395

NOTES.

a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.

QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.

PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

P.

No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
 Make Langour smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,

VARIATIONS.

After γ 405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?
 Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.
 And if it live, it lives but to commend
 The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
 Or head, an Author: Critic, yet polite
 And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

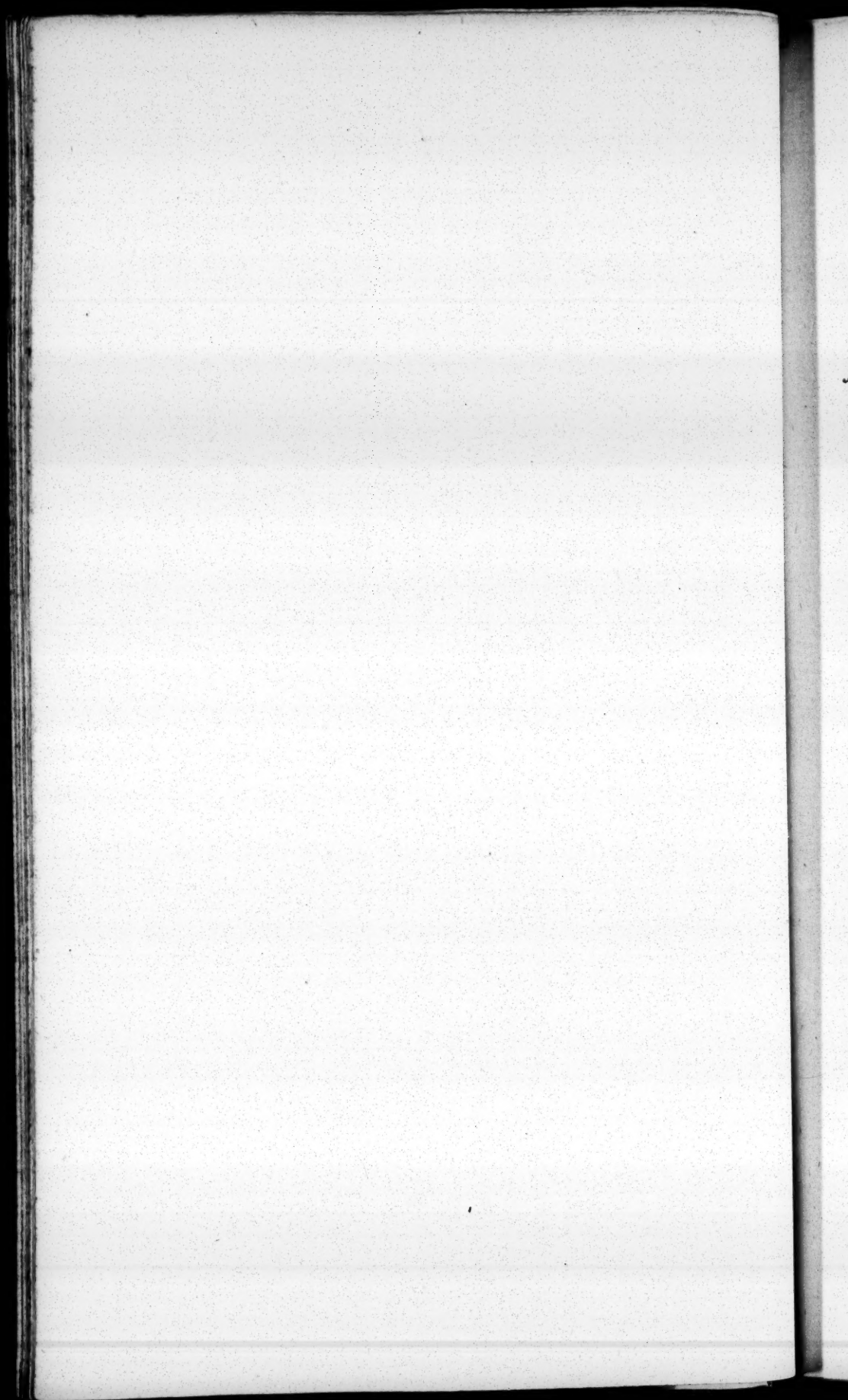
VER. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.*] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne.

VER. 418. A. *Whether this blessing, &c.*] He makes his friend close the Dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation, which was the Character both of his temper, and his piety.



S A T I R E S
AND
E P I S T L E S
OF
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

* D



ADVERTISEMENT

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour rais'd on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

T H E
First Satire of the Second Book
O F
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common,

besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented, with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: And what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightening of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of *Parodies*, add reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deem'd it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; ^b fine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. ^c Trebati,
Quid faciam? praescribe.

T. ^d Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non

Optimum erat: ^e verum nequeo dormire.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Scarce to wife* Peter — Chartres] It has been commonly observed of the English, that a Rogue never goes to the Gallows without the pity of the Spectators, and their parting curses on the rigour of the Laws that brought him thither: and this has been as commonly ascribed to the *good nature* of the people. But it is a mistake. The true cause is their hatred and envy of power. Their compassion for Dunces and Scoundrels (when exposed by great writers to public contempt, either in justice to the age, or in vindication of their own Characters) has the same source. They cover their envy to a superior genius, in lamenting the severity of his Pen.

n
r
s,
it
y
f-
r.
k-
f-
(s)
or



F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion sculp.

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

Ep: to Satires, Part.

S A T I R E I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

^a There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold :
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.

^b The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

^c I come to Council learned in the Law :

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. ^d I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,

^e And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,*] The delicacy of this does not so much lie in the ironical application of it to himself, as in its seriously characterising the Person for whose advice he applies.

VER. 12. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer,

Peream male, si non

Optimum erat,

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of
verum nequeo dormire.

* D 4

T. ^f Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

z Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, ^h multa laborum
Praemia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: ⁱ neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta* pereuntes *cuspidē* Gallos,
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. ^k Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipsa feret: ^l nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

NOTES.

For conciseness, when it is clear (as in this place) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

VER. 20. *Hartborn*] This was intended as a pleasantry on the novelty of the prescription.

VER. 28. *falling Horse?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pre-

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a Wife:

^f Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est*.

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

^g Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR's Praise,

^h You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir ⁱ Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and
Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. ^k Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smoothe the tuneful lay, 30

Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,

And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. ^l Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;

NOTES.

tender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Caesaris* aurem :

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ^m Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu
Pantolabum fcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem ?

ⁿ Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est *intactus*, et
odit.

H. ^o Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

^p Castor gaudet equis ; *ovo prognatus eodem*,

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia. ^q me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

NOTES.

VER. 41. *What should ail them ?*] Horace hints at one reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next* ; his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very lenity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies.

VER. 50. *Like in all else, as one Egg to another.*] This has neither the justness nor elegance of

ovo prognatus eodem.

For tho' it may appear odd, that those *who come from the same Egg* should have tempers and pursuits directly contrary ; yet there is nothing strange, that two Brothers, *alike in all things else*, should have different amusements.

VER. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne :*]

Sat. I. O F H O R A C E. 43

And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. ^m Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
ⁿ Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. ^o Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
^p F—loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50

^a I love to pour out all my self, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:

NOTES.

They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech, and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had *many* qualities, that have gained him the love and esteem of his Readers: The other had *one*, which always gain'd him the favourable attention of his Hearers. For, as a celebrated Roman Orator observes, "Maledi-
" cit INERUDITUS apertius et saepius, cum periculo et
" am suo. Affert et ista res OPINIONEM, quia libentis-
" sime homines audiunt ea quae dicere *ipsi* nolissent."

Lucilî ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim

Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam

Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita senis. sequor hunc, ^r Lucanus an Appulus, an-
ceps:

[Nam venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,

Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,

Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;

Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum

Incuteret violenta.] ^s sed hic stylus haud petet ultro

Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis

Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

NOTES.

VER. 56. *the medium must be clear.*] Allusion to a fountain of limpid water, thro' which the contents of the bottom are discovered. This thought, tho' not very exact, assisted him in the easy and happy change of the metaphor in the following line.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing from my quill,*] Inferior to the Original:

*Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris, etc.*

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
 Publish the present age; but where my text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
 ' Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,

In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

^s Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70

NOTES.

Perfius alluded to this idea, when he said,

Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle! etc.

VER. 64. *Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will, Papist or Protestant, etc.*] The original thought (which is very flat, and so ill and awkwardly expressed, as to be taken for a monkish Addition) is here admirably imitated, in a lively character of himself, and his Writings.

VER. 69. *Satire's my weapon*] In these Words, our Author has happily explained the true Character of Ho-

† Tutus ab infestis latronibus? † O pater et rex

Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec quisquam noceat † cupido mihi pacis! at ille,

Qui me commorit, (melius non tangere, clamo)

× Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

† Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;

Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes:

NOTES.

race's ironical Apology, which is to this purpose: Nature, says he, has given all Creatures the means of *offence* and *defence*: The wolf has teeth, the bull has horns, and my weapon is satire. And, at the same time that he vindicates the claim to his *natural* talent, he shews the moral use of it, by the instances of the like natural talents of Cervius to *inform*, of Canidia to *poison*, and of Turius to *pass sentence*. The turn of this ludicrous argumentation is fine and delicate; and we find his Imitator saw the whole force of it.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hector's, etc.*] Superior to, *tutus ab infestis latronibus*, which only carries on the metaphor in

ensis
Vagina tectus,

† I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
 † Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 † Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75
 But touch me, and no Minister so fore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 † Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to Ridicule his whole life along,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80
 † Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
 Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

NOTES.

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire.

VER. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes,*] The names, at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading Companies sent with their Ships, and intrusted with their concerns, abroad.

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original. But it is hard to pronounce with certainty. For tho' one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
 yet there might be something, for ought we know, in the Character or History of *Cervius* which might bring up that line to the spirit and poinancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation.

^z Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
 Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum? ^a Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?
 Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
 bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

^b Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
 Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
 Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
^c Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. ^d O puer, ut sis
 Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus

NOTES.

VER. 85.—90. *It's proper power to hurt, etc.*] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the Original.

VER. 93,—96. *Whether old age—shade*] The Original is more finished, and even sublime. Besides, the last

Sat. I. O F H O R A C E. 49

^z It's proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels ; 85

Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels ;

'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug ;

And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.

^a So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

^b Then, learned Sir ! (to cut the matter short)

Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,

Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,

Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95

To wrap me in the universal shade ;

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,

Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write :

In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
^c Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. ^d Alas young man ! your days can ne'er be long,

In flow'r of age you perish for a song !

Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,

Will club their Testers, now, to take your life !

NOTES.

verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our author.

VER. 97. *Whether the darken'd room—Or whiten'd wall—*] This is only a wanton joke upon the terms of his Original

Quisquis erit vitæ color.

* E

Frigore te feriat.

H. ^c Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus

Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

¹ *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quisque per ora

Cederet, *introrsum turpis*; num Laelius, et qui

Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,

Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,

Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui

Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;

Scilicet ² UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMI-
CIS.

NOTES.

VER. 105.—120. *What? arm'd for Virtue, etc.*] This is not only superior to any thing in Horace, but equal to any thing in himself.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Because just Satire is an useful supplement to the sanctions of *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration of both.

Ibid. *Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times, and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio

P. ° What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men; 106
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws? 110
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not ^f strip the gilding off a Knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120
 * TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

NOTES.

and Laelius; it was Mr. Pope's, to satirize the present, and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are equally pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus amicis,

loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Laelius.

^h Quin ubi se a *vulgo* et *scena* in *secreta* remorant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis *sapientia Laeli*,
 Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
ⁱ Cum *magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque
 Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido:

^k nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati*,

Dissentis.

T. ^l Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
 Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

^m “ Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,
 jus est

NOTES.

VER. 129. And HE, whose lightning, etc.] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following with only 208

Sat. I. O F H O R A C E. 53

^h There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:

And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

ⁱ *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
 No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats, 135
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—

^k What faith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. ^l Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

^m Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

NOTES.

horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplished the Con-
 quest of Valencia. P.

* E 3

“*Judiciumque.*”

H. *Esto, si quis* " *mala. sed bona si quis*

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE ? si quis

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse ?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulae : tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

VER. 150. *Libels and Satires ! lawless things indeed ! But grave Epistles, &c.*] The legal objection is here more justly and decently taken off than in the Original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

Esto, si quis mala ; sed bona si quis.

But the Imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a serious reproof, and therefore justifiable ; which the *integer ipse* of the Original does not : for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epistles* could justify the attack.

VER. 152. F. *Indeed ?*] Hor.

Solventur risu tabulae.

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. ⁿ *Libels and Satires* ! lawless things indeed ! 150
But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed ?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed ; 155
° In such a cause the Plaintiff will be his'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

NOTES.

Some Critics tell us, it is want of taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful ; but as soon as SIR ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is mentioned as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is altered*. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his Uncle, to confess *the Case was altered* ?

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

S A T I R A II.

• **Q**UAE virtus et quanta, boni, fit vivere parvo,
 (Nec meus hic sermo ; sed quae praecepit
 Ofellus,

Rusticus, ^d *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassaque Minerva*)

Discite, ^e non inter lances *mensasque nitentes* ;

Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat :

• Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc ?

Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis

Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove

Lassus ab indomito ; vel (si Romana fatigat

Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,

Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem ;

Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aera disco :

Cum labor extulerit fastidia ; ficcus, inanis,

Sperne *cibum vilem* : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,

Ne biberis, diluta. ⁱ foris est promus, et atrum

NOTES.

VER. 5. *a gill Buffet's reflected pride Turns you from
 sound Philosophy aside ;*] More forcibly and happily expressed
 than the original, *acclinis falsis* ; tho' that be very elegant.

S A T I R E II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

^a **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart ;

^b (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk ^c before we dine.

^c Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside ;

Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

^d But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

^e Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)

Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

^f Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,

Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)

NOTES.

VER. 9. BETHEL.] The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
 Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quaere
 Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

^k Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
 Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
 Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris
 ista,

Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto.
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
 Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci? ^l laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos*? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

^m *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus, at vos

NOTES.

VER. 25. *Oldfield*] This eminent Glutton ran thro' a

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

^k Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

^l Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
^m Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"

NOTES.

fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating.

VER. 26. *a whole Hog barbecu'd!*] The Poet has here given a beauty equivalent to that in the Original,

Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino,
which, by the slowness of the Syllables, where four spon-dees follow one another, well expresses the enormous bulk of the fish which the Glutton pray'd for.

Ibid. *Hog barbecu'd, etc.*] A West Indian term of glut-tony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madera wine. P.

ⁿ Praesentes Auftri, coquite horum opsonia: quamquam

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. ° necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*

Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Galloni praeconis erat acipensere mensa

Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?

^p Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *praetorius*. ergo

^q Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *affos*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana* *juventus*.

^r Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus de torferis. ^s Avidienus,
^t Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Ob blast it, South-winds!*] This has not the force, nor gives us the pleasant allusion in the original, *coquite*.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head;*] A famous Eating-house. P.

VER. 43. *Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish*] There is force and humour in *dixerit* and *parebit*, which the imitation does not reach.

Oh blast it, ⁿ South-winds ! till a fench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink ?

30

When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :

° Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see ; 35
Thus much is left of old Simplicity !

^p The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been a Peer.

40

^q Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

^r 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other :

Between Excess and Famine lies a mean ;
Plain, but not fordid ; tho' not splendid, clean

^s Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which
For him you'll call a ^t dog, and her a bitch

NOTES.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch*] One cannot but admire the lively turn here given to the Original.

Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna ;

^v Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum* ; et

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum

^w *Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri

Caulibus instillat, ^x *veteris non parcus aceti*.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum

Utrum imitabitur ? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.

^y Mundus erit, qua non offendant sordibus, atque

In neutram partem cultus miser. ^a Hic neque *servis*

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Saevus erit ; nec sic ut simplex ^b Naevius, *unetam*

Convivis praebebit *aquam* : vitium hoc quoque magnum.

^c Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum

Afferat. ^d In primis valeas bene ; nam variae res

Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,

Quae simplex ^e *olim* tibi federit. at simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis ;

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ^f Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :

✓ One half pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some ^w lucky day (as when they found 55

A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

At such a feast, ^x old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear :

Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart, 60

But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

✓ He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;

Nor ^a stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,

Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ; 65

Nor lets, like ^b Nævius, ev'ry error pass,

The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

^c Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :
(Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)

^d First Health : The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry
dish, 70

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,

Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,

And all the man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft ^e the School-boy's simple fare,

The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air. 75

^f How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest

Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast !

Coena defurgat dubia ? quin corpus onustum
 Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque praegravat una,
 Atque affigit humo *divinae particulam aurae*.

‡ Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
 Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.
^b Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam ;
 Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,
 Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus* : ubique
 Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius aetas*
Imbecilla volet. ⁱ Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
 Quam puer et validus praesumis, mollitiem ; seu
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus ?

‡ *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant : non quia nasus
 Illis nullus erat ; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes
 Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam

NOTES.

VER. 80. *The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.*] Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. He therefore describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

affigit humo divinae particulam aurae.

To *this* his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the ridicule, from the Doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and computations in Taverns did not edify

Sat. II. O F H O R A C E. 67

What life in all that ample body, say?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
 The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines 80
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

^e On morning wings how active springs the Mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
 How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
 How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse? 85

^h Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
 Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
 And more the sickness of long life, Old age;
ⁱ For fainting Age what cordial drop remains, 95
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains?

^k Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
 Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last; 100
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends should come
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

NOTES.

him: and so has added surprizing humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the Original.

VER. 82. *On morning wings etc.*] Much happier and nobler than the Original.

VER. 87. *Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme.*] A fine ridicule on the extravagance of human pursuits; where the most trifling and most important concerns of life succeed one another, indifferently.

Integrum edax dominus confumeret. ¹ hos utinam
inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

^m Das aliquid *famae*, quae *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinaeque
Grande ferunt una ⁿ cum *damno dedecus*. adde
^o Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
^p As, *laquei* pretium.

^q Jure, inquit, Trausius istis

Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ^r Ergo,
Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare
^s *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deum? *cur*, improbe, carae
Non aliquid *patriae* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

NOTES.

VER. 128. *As M**o's was, etc.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill placed; and hurts the dignity of the

¹ Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 'Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth ?
 Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear, 105

^m That sweetest music to an honest ear ;
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learn'd, ⁿ fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy ! 110
 When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
 Curs'd be thy ^o neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name ;
 And ^p buy a rope, that future times may tell 115
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

^q " Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need
 " To have a Taste is insolence indeed :
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 " My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
 Then, like the Sun, let ^r Bounty spread her ray, 121
 And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?
 Shall half the ^s new-built churches round thee fall ?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall :
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
 As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

NOTES.

preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,

^t O magnus posthac inimicis risus ! uterne

^u Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius ? hic, qui
Pluribus affuerit mentem corpusque superbum ;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello ?

^v Quo magis his credas : puer hunc ego parvus

Ofellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
Quam nunc ^w *accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
Quidquam, praeter ^x *olus* fumosae cum pede pernae.
Ac mihi seu ^y *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus ; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,
Sed *pullo* atque *hoedo* : tum ^z *penfilis uva* secundas

NOTES.

cur, Improbe ! carae

Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo.

He remembered, and hints with just indignation, at those luxurious Patricians of his old party ; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his

‘ Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind. 130

And ^u who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff’d Prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

‘ Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his
thought, 135

And always thinks the very thing he ought:

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis’d

The Lord of Thousands, than if now ^w *Excis’d*; 140

In forest planted by a Father’s hand,

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On ^x brocoli and mutton, round the year;

But ^y ancient friends (tho’ poor, or out of play)

That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.

’Tis true, no ^z Turbots dignify my boards,

But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

NOTES.

apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he
pays a fine compliment to Augustus:

Templa ruunt antiqua Deūm?
quare

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly
turned into a just stroke of satire.

Et *nux* ornabat mensas, cum *duplice ficu*,

Post hoc ludus erat ^a cuppa potare magistra :

Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractae seria frontis.

Saevia atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus !

Quantum hinc imminuet ? quanto *aut ego* parcius,

aut vos,

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc ^c *novus incola* venit ?

NOTES.

VER. 156. *And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.*] The pleasantry of this line consists in the supposed rarity of a Poet's having a table of his own ; or a sense of gratitude for the blessings he receives. But it contains,

To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my
own: 150

* From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then ^b chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 156

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
My Life's amusements have been just the same,
Before, and after ^c Standing Armies came. 160
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best, 165
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)

" Pray heav'n it last! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on;

" I wish to God this house had been your own:

" Pity! to build, without a son or wife:

" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." 170

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

NOTES.

too, a sober reproof of People of Condition, for their
unmanly and brutal disuse of so natural a duty.

Nam ^d *propriae telluris* herum natura neque illum,

Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille ;

Illum aut ^e nequities aut ^f *vafri inscitia juris*,

Postremum expellet certe ^g *vivacior heres*.

^h Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*

Dictus erat : nulli proprius ; sed cedit in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ⁱ quocirca vivite fortes,

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

VER. 183. *proud Buckingham's etc.*] Villers Duke of Buckingham. P.

VER. 185. *Let lands and houses etc.*] The turn of his

What's ^d *Property*? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to ^e Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share; 175
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure ^f equity (the case not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At best, it falls to some ^g ungracious son,
Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own.
^h Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 181
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
ⁱ Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

NOTES.

imitation, in the concluding part, obliged him to diversify the sentiment. They are equally noble: but Horace's is expressed with the greater force.

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H

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,

^b Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rûde, quaeris,

Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

Non eadem est aetas, non mens. ^c Veianius, armis

^d Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;

Ne populum ^e extrema toties exoret arena.

^f Est mihi purgatam crebro qui perfonet aurem;

Solve ^g senescentem mature fanus equum, ne

Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author.

VER. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,]*
An occasional stroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epistle on Taste*.

EPISTLE I.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 S Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why^b will you break the Sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
 Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
 See Modest^c Cibber now has left the Stage:
 Our Gen'als now, ^d retir'd to their Estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
 Nor ^e fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK'S cause.
^f A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear, II
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your ^g Muse take
 " breath,
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death;

NOTES.

" Load some vain Church with old theatric state,

" Turn *Arcs of Triumph* to a garden gate.

VER. 10. *ev'n in Brunswick's cause.*] In the former Editions it was, *Britain's cause.* But the terms are synonymous.

Nunc itaque et ^h versus, et *caetera ludicra* pono:

Quid ⁱ verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in
hoc sum:

^k Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere possim.

Ac ne forte roges, ⁱ quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

^m Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.

Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor ⁿ *civilibus undis*,

Virtutis verae custos, ^o *rigidusque satelles*:

Nunc in * Aristippi ^p *furtim praecepta relabor*,

Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

^q Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.

NOTES.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's borse.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff,

Ep. I. OF HORACE. 81

“ Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
 “ You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor’s
 “ horse.”

Farewell then ^h Verse, and Love, and ev’ry Toy,
 The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
 What ⁱ right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is All: 20
 To lay this ^k harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What ev’ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what ^l Doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
 As drives the ^m storm, at any door I knock: 25
 And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.
 Sometimes a ⁿ Patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
 Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue,
 Still true to Virtue, ^o and as warm as true: 30
 Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
 Back to my ^p native Moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

^q Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
 Long as the Night to her whose Love’s away,

NOTES.

and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and
 slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord
 Mayor: and therefore here humourously opposed to Pe-
 gasus. P.

Lenta videtur *opus debentibus* : ut piger annus

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum :

Sic mihi tarda ^r fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quae spem

Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter ^s id, quod

Aeque *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* atque,

Aeque neglectum *pueris*, *senibusque* nocebit.

^r *Restat*, ut his ego me ipse regam ^v *solerque ele-*
mentis :

^w Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus ;

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :

Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere cheragra.

Est quadam prodire ^x *tenus*, si non datur ultra.

^y *Fervet Avaritia*, miseroque *cupidine* pectus ?

NOTES.

VER. 45. *can no wants endure*;] i. e. Can want nothing. Badly expressed.

VER. 51. *I'll do what Mead*—] Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man, whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out.

Ep. I. OF HORACE.

83

Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
 When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one:
 So slow th' ^r unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the Functions of my soul; 40
 That keep me from myself; and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day:
 That ^s task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.
^t Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some ^v comfort, not to be a fool.
^w Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to ^x go back, is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk at least before they dance.
 Say, does thy ^y blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
 With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?

NOTES.

Speaking of his obligations to this great Physician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are in general the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the most learned Men I know."

Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

Possis, et ^z magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt ^a certa *piacula*, quae te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

^b Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ^c *amator*,

Nemo ^d adeo *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,

Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

^e Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,

Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae ^f maxima credis

Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,

Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,

NOTES.

VER. 58. *Between the fits—*] The sense of
magnam morbi deponere partem
is here very happily expressed. And

Ter pure lecto etc.

in the following line, as happily varied. But the whole
passage, which describes the use and efficacy of satire, is
admirably imitated.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!*] Tho'

Ep. I. O F H O R A C E. 85

Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control

* Between the Fits this Fever of the soul :

Know, there are Rhymes, which ^a fresh and fresh
apply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60

Be ^b furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,

^c Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,

A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch ^d Bear ;

All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

^e 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor ; 65

And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.

But to the world no ^f bugbear is so great,

As want of figure, and a small Estate.

To either India see the Merchant fly,

Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty ! 70

See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,

Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole !

Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,

Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend ?

NOTES.

this has all the spirit, it has not all the imagery of the Original ; where Horace makes Poverty pursue, and keep pace with the Miser in his flight.

Per mare Pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.

But what follows,

Wilt thou do nothing, etc.

far surpasses the Original.

Per ^g mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
 Ne cures ^h ea, quae *stulte* miraris et optas,
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnae
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
 Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?
 “ ⁱ Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
 “ ^k O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est;
 Virtus post nummos: haec ^l *Janus summus* ab imo
 Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
 “ ^m Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
 Est ⁿ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:

NOTES.

VER. 77. *Here, Wisdom calls: etc.*] All from hence to
 110, is a pretty close translation: but in general done
 with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, tho' one of
 the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the
imitation of it.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This
 perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection.
 The Original is,

Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.

which only says, *that as Silver is of less value than Gold,*
so Gold is of less value than Virtue: in which *simple infe-*
riority, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it
 was as contrary to the Author's purpose, as it is to com-
 mon sense, to suppose, that Virtue was but just as much
 better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr.
 Pope, too attentive to his constant object, *conciseness*, has,
 before he was aware, fallen into this meaning.

VER. 82. *From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;*]

Ep. I. O F H O R A C E. 87

To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
And ^b ease thy heart of all that it admires?

Here, Wisdom calls: ⁱ “ Seek Virtue first, be bold!
“ As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.”

There, London's voice: ^k “ Get Money, Money still!
“ And then let Virtue follow, if she will.” 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From ^l low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose ^m quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in ⁿ spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
“ Pray then, what wants he?” Fourscore thousand
pounds;

NOTES.

i. e. This is a doctrine in which both Whigs and Tories agree.

VER. 83. *From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this satire, may think the figure of *standing quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquisite beauty, insinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the shafts of a Parthian.—*Quiver'd at his ear*, which describes the position it is usually found in, alludes to the custom of the American canibals, who make use of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) for a quiver for their *poison'd* arrows.

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tallies.

VER. 85. *Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great man (who does so much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in use by a true understanding; and *both*, under the guidance of an integrity

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia defint,

° *Plebs* eris. ° at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,

Si recte facies. Hic ° *murus abeneus esto*,

Nil conscire tibi, nulla pallefcere culpa.

° *Roscia*, dic fodes, melior lex, an puerorum est

Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,

Et *maribus* ° *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis*?

° *Ifne* tibi melius suadet, qui, “ *Rem* facias; rem,

“ *Si* possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem.”

Ut ° propius spectes lacrymosa poemata *Pupi*!

An, ° qui fortunae te respondere superbae

Liberum et erectum, ° *praesens* hortatur et aptat?

° Quod si me *Populus Romanus* forte roget, cur

NOTES.

superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him.

A Pension, or such Harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a ° Cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D*1, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry ^p child another song will sing,
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
 True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
 Be this thy ^a Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95
 Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted Peers,
 Or what was spoke at ^s CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
 Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 "With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
 "Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
 "If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."
 For what? to have a ^t Box where Eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King.

Or ^u he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro: }
 And, ^w while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }
 If ^y such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;

NOTES.

VER. 97. *And say, etc.*] These four lines greatly superior to any thing in the Original.

Non, ut ^z porticibus, sic judiciis fruar iisdem,

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit;

Olim quod ^a vulpes aegroto cauta leoni

Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent

Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

^b *Bellua multorum es caput. nam quid sequar, aut
quem?*

NOTES.

VER. 117. *Full many a Beast goes in,*] This expression is used for the joke's sake; but it hurts his *moral*; which is, that *they come out beasts*. He should here have stuck to the terms of his Original, *vestigia omnia te adversum spectantia*.

VER. 118. *Adieu to Virtue, etc.*] These two lines are intended for the application or moral of a fable, which needs no explaining; and, consequently, they impair the *grace* of it, which at best is inferior to his Original. For Horace speaks of the common people, *Populus Romanus*, to whom one of Æsop's Fables was properly addressed: too simple a method of conveying truth to the *well-drest Rabble of St. James's*.

VER. 124. *Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold, Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:*] Here the argument suffers a little for the sake of the satire. The rea-

Ep. I. O F H O R A C E. 91

If honest S*^z take scandal at a Spark,
 That less admires the ^z Palace than the Park :
 Faith I shall give the answer ^a Reynard gave :
 “ I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave : 115
 “ Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 “ Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.”
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave :
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
 Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120
 The ^b People are a many-headed Beast :
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do ?
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold : 125

NOTES.

son why the People should not be followed is because
Bellua multorum est capitum. nam quid sequar, aut quem ?
 they are so divers in their pursuits (says Horace) that one
 cannot follow this man without being condemned by that.
 The imitator says, they all go on one common principle,
the lust of gold. This inaccuracy, tho' Horace has a little
 of it, yet he has however artfully disguised it, by speak-
 ing of the various objects of this one Passion, *avarice*,
 as of so many various passions,

Pars hominum gestit conducere publica : sunt qui, etc.

Crustis et pomis

Multis occulto, etc.

but his imitator has unwarily drawn them to a point, by
 the introductory addition of the lines above,

Alike in nothing, etc.

Pars hominum gestit ^c conducere *publica* : sunt qui

^d Cruſtis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant :

^e *Multis* occulto creſcit res ſenore. ^f verum

Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiisſque teneri :

Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes ?

^g Nullus in orbe ſinus *Baiis* praelucet amoenis,

Si dixit *dives* ; ^h lacus et mare ſentit amorem

Feſtinantis heri : cui ſi ⁱ vitioſa *libido*

Fecerit auſpiciu ; cras *ferramenta Teanum*

NOTES.

VER. 126. *Their Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,*] The undertakers for advancing Loans to the Public on the Funds. They have been commonly accuſed of making it a job. But in ſo corrupt times, the fault is not always to be imputed to a Miniſtry : it having been found, on trial, that the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous citizen of this or any other age, with every requiſite knowledge in ſuch matters, and ſupported by all the weight an honeſt Admi-

Their ^c Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
 Some ^d with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn; 130
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, ^e hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ^f pursues his own,
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
 But show me one who has it in his pow'r,
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job ^g sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

^h Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140 }
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }

Now let some whimsy, or that ⁱ Dev'l within }
 Which guides all those who know not what they }
 mean, }

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen; 145 }

NOTES.

nistration could afford him, was, they say, unable to abolish this inveterate mystery of iniquity.

VER. 143. *Now let some whimsy, etc.*] This is very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original,

Cui si vitiosa Libido

Fecerit auspiciū

which no modern imitation can reach.

Tolletis, fabri. * lectus genialis in aula est ?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibe vita :

! Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

^m Quo teneam vultus mutantem Prôteæ nodo ?

Quid ⁿ pauper ? ride : mutat ^o coenacula, lectos,

Balnea, ^p tonsores ; conducto navigio aequæ

Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.

^q Si curatus *inaequali* tonfore capillos

Occurro ; rides. si forte subucula pexæ

Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga *dissidet* impar ;

Rides. quid, ^r mea Cum pugnat *sententia* secum ;

Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;

^o Aestuât, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto ;

NOTES.

VER. 155. *They change their weekly Barber, etc.*] These six lines much more spirited than the Original. In that, the inconstancy of temper in the common people is sati-

“ Away, away ! take all your scaffolds down,
 “ For Snug’s the word : My dear ! we’ll live in Town.”

At am’rous Flavio is the ^k stocken thrown ?

That very night he longs to lie alone.

¹ The Fool whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151

Did ever ^m Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich ? }
 Well, but the ⁿ Poor—The Poor have the same itch ; }
 They change their ^o weekly Barber, weekly News,
 Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, 156

Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one ;
 They ^p hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

^q You laugh, half Beau half Sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band ;
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary !
 But when ^r no Prelate’s Lawn with hair-shirt lin’d,
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ^s ebb and flow of follies all my life)

NOTES.

rized only in a simple exposure of the case. Here the ridicule on the folly is heightened by a ridiculous representation of each circumstance that is the object of it.

^t Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?

^v Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,

Nec ^w *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere

A *praetore* dati; rerum ^x tutela mearum

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,

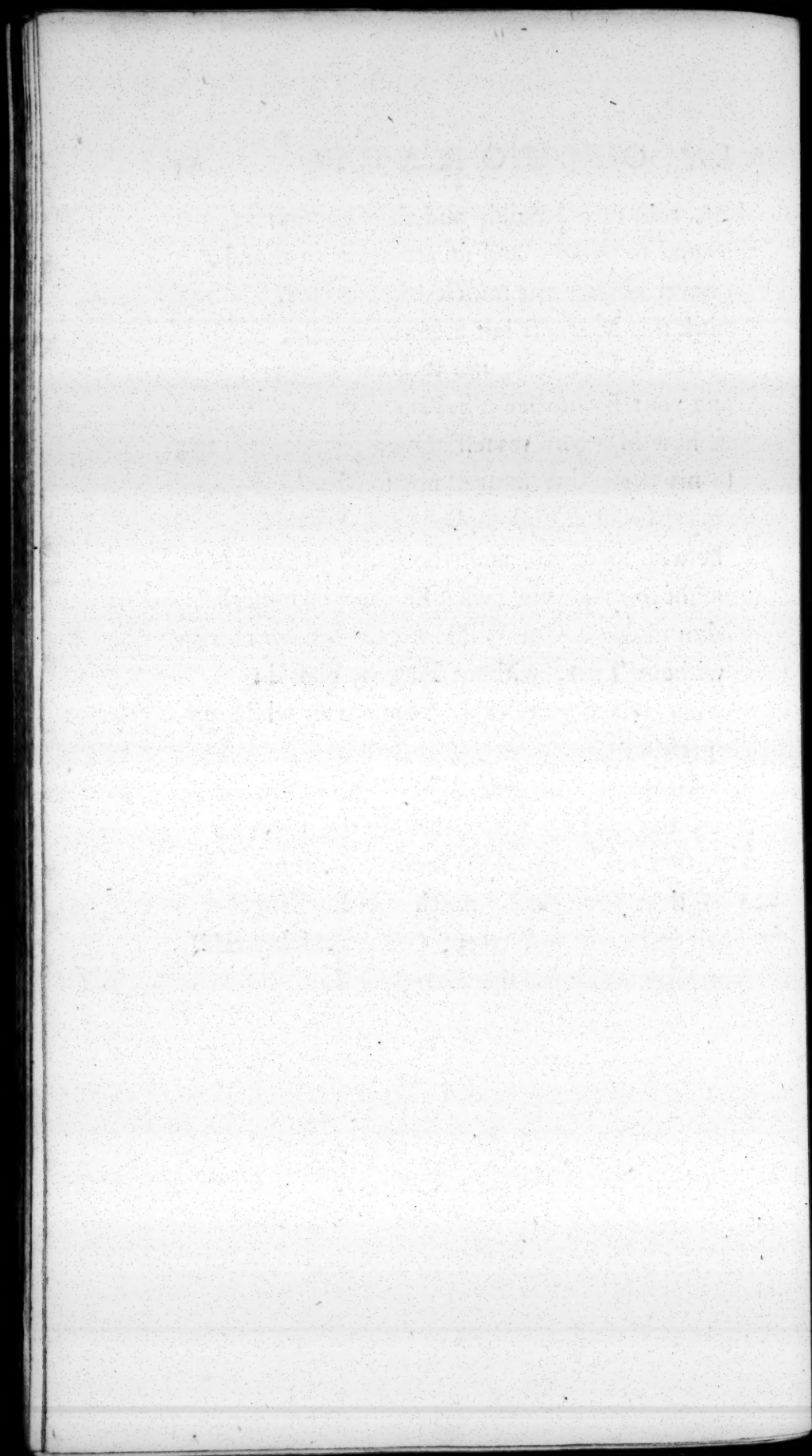
De te *pendentis*, te *respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno ^y minor est *Jove*, dives,

^z Liber, ^a honoratus, ^b pulcher, ^c rex denique regum;

Praecipue sanus, ^e nisi cum pituita molesta est.

I 't plant, root up ; I build, and then confound ;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round ;
 ' You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this Madness but a common case,
 Nor ^w once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply ;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry !
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
 Is this my ^x Guide, Philosopher, and Friend ?
 This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend ?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,) 180
 That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own ;
 Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd ;
 Rich ^y ev'n when plunder'd, ^z honour'd while op-
 press'd ;
 Lov'd ^a without youth, and follow'd without pow'r ;
 At home, tho' exil'd ; ^b free, tho' in the Tower ;
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just ^c less than Jove, and ^d much above a King,
 Nay, half in heav'n—^e except (what's mighty odd)
 A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.



THE
SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quae possit facere et fervare beatum.

Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui ^e formidine nulla
Imbuti spectent. ^d quid censes, munera terrae?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas ^a ditantis et Indos?

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Dear MURRAY*] This piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in that high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed, and indeed no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which as neither vanity, party, or fear had any share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true friendship,

VER. 4. *Creech*)] From whose translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

VER. 8. *trust the Ruler with the skies, To him commit the hour,*] Our Author, in these imitations, has been all along careful to correct the loose morals, and absurd divinity of his Original.

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. MURRAY.

“NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
 “To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
 (Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow’rs of
 speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

^b This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5
 Self-center’d Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my Friend ! whose philosophic eyes
 Look thro’, and trust the Ruler with his skies,
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view ^c this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what ^d Earth’s low entrails hold, }
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ; }
 All the mad trade of ^e Fools and Slaves for Gold ? }

NOTES.

VER. 10. *And view this dreadful All without a fear.*]
 He has added this idea to his text ; and it greatly heightens the dignity of the whole thought. He gives it the appellation of a *dreadful All*, because the immensity of God’s creation, which modern philosophy has so infinitely enlarged, is apt to affect *narrow* minds, who measure the divine comprehension by their own, with dreadful suspicions of man’s being overlooked in this dark and narrower corner of existence, by a Governor occupied and busied with the sum of things.

Ludicra, quid, ^f plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?

Quo spectanda modo, ^g quo *sensu* credis et ore?

^h Qui *timet* his adversa, fere miratur eodem

Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor est *utrobique* molestus:

Improvisa simul species exterret *utrumque*:

ⁱ Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,

Si, quidquid videt melius pejusse sua spe,

Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

^k Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;

Ultra quam satis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.

^l I nunc, argentum et marmor ^m *vetus*, aeraque
et artes

ⁿ Suspice: cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores:

NOTES.

VER. 21. *In either case, believe me, we admire;*] i. e. These objects, in either case, affect us, as objects unknown affect the mind, and consequently betray us into false judgments.

VER. 22. *Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.*] The elegance of this is superior to the Original. The *curse* is the *same*

Or ^f Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
 The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? 15
 Say with what ^g eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
 And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the ^h pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire;
 Whether we ⁱ joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
 For ^k Virtue's self may too much zeal be had; 25
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

^l Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, 30
 And gaze on ^m Parian Charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright ⁿ Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
 Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.

NOTES.

(says he) *whether we joy or grieve.* Why so? Because,
 in either case, the man is *surprized*, hurried off, and led
 away captive.

(*The good or bad to one extreme betray*

Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away.)

This happy advantage, in the imitation, arises from the
 ambiguity of the word *surprize*.

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem :

Gnavus ^p mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum ;

^r Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus et (indignum ; quod fit pejoribus ortus)

^r Hic tibi fit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas ;

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. ^t cum bene notum

Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi ;

Ire tamen restat, Nuina ^v quo devenit et Ancus.

^w Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

If not so pleas'd, at ° Council-board rejoice,
 To see their judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35
 From ^p morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For ^q Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
 Shall ^r One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, con-
 spir'd 41

To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
 Yet ^t Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine: 45
 And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, ^u with all the Pow'r of Words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords;
 Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
 Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

^w Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone? 55
 See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
 There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.

Quaere fugam morbi. ^x vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc *una* potest dare, fortis omiffis

Hoc age *deliciis*.

^y virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna? ^z cave ne portus occupet alter:

Ne Cibyrica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:

^a Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et

Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet ^b uxorem *cum dote*, *fidemque*, et ^c *amicos*,

Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina ^d Pecunia donat;

Ac bene nummatum decorat Saudela, Venusque.

Mancipiis locuples, egit aeris ^e *Cappadocum rex*.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns.*] The

Would ye be ^x blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains; 61
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains. }

^y But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly.^z then, on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
 Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 170
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
 Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:

^a Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.

For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a ^b Wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ^c Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80

A ^d Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.
 (Believe me, many a ^e German Prince is worse,
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)

NOTES.

one appears from his party pamphlets; the other, from
 his *Rights of the Christian Church*.

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Ne fueris hic tu. ^f chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
 Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,
 Quî possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot
 habebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
 Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
^g Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *supersunt*,
 Et *dominum fallunt*, et *profunt furibus*. ^h ergo,
 Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

ⁱ Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,
^k *Mercemur* servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum
 Qui fodicet latus, et ^l cogat trans pondera dextram
 Porrigere: ^m Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina*:
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,

NOTES.

VER. 86. *Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,*] The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where he is most moral and sublime. But had it been in Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings.

Ep. VI. OF HORACE. 109

His Wealth brave ^r Timon gloriously confounds; 85

Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;

Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,

Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.

^s Now, in such exigencies not to need,

Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90

A noble superfluity it craves,

Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;

Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,

And which it much becomes you to forget.

^h If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95

Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

ⁱ But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,

If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;

Then ^k hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord 100

To do the Honours, and to give the Word;

Tell at your Levee, as the Clouds approach,

To whom ^l to nod, whom take into your Coach,

Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,

Who ^m rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:

" This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 106

" That makes three Members, this can chuse a

" May'r."

NOTES.

VER. 91. *A noble superfluity, etc.*] These four lines are an admirable paraphrase on

Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,

Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus.

Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: ⁿ Frater, Pater, adde:

Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque ^o *facetus* adopta.

Si ^p bene qui coenat, bene vivit: lucet, eamus

Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut ^q olim

Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, fervos,

Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret

Emtum mulus aprum. ^r crudi, tumidique lavemur,

Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Caerite cera

Digni: ^s *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyssæi;

Cui *potior* ^t *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.

^v Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine *amore joci*que

Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocique.

^w Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,

Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rochester.

Ep. VI. OF HORACE. 111

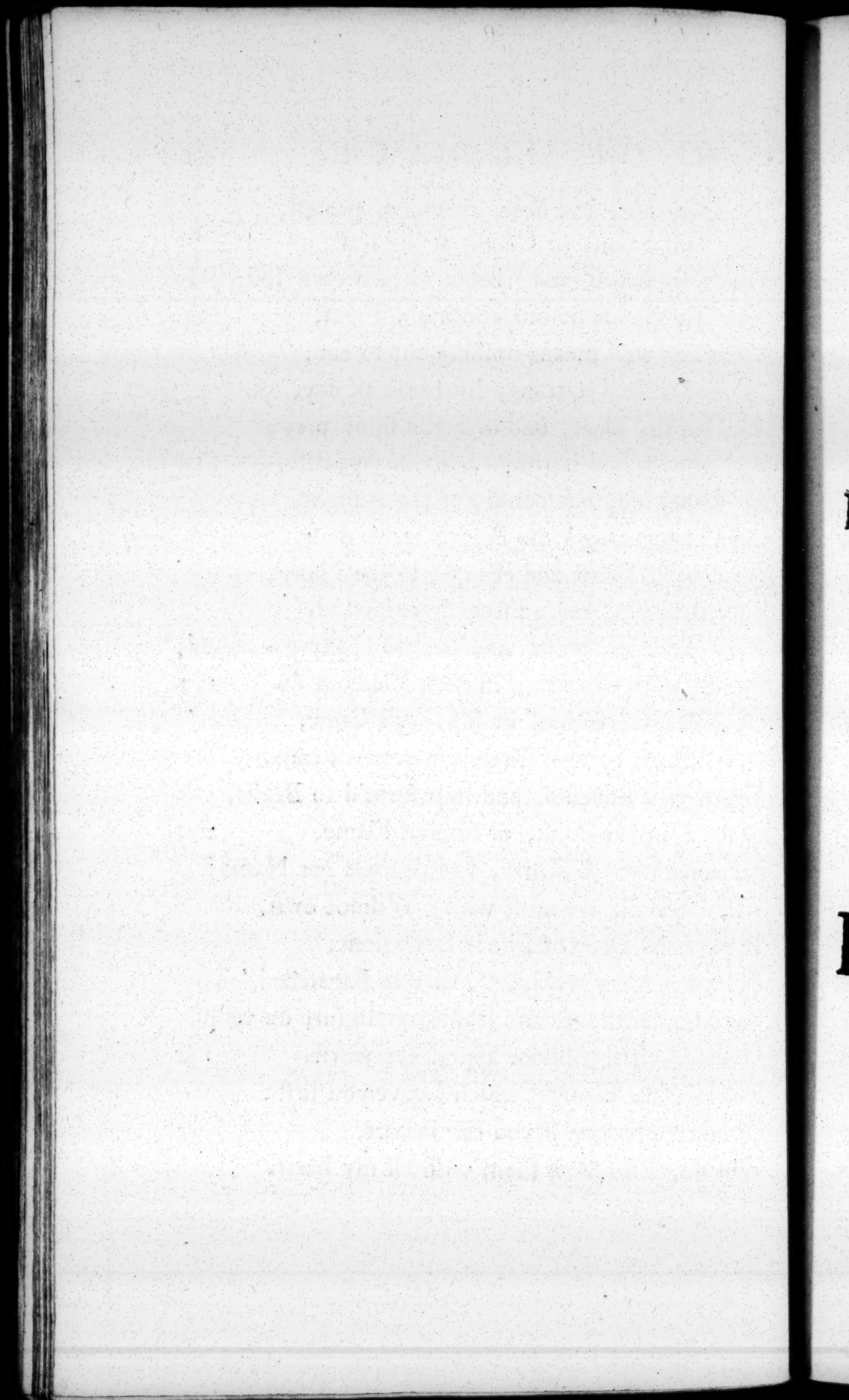
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him ⁿ Son, or Cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and ^o laugh at your own Jest. }

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat, 111
 If ^p to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite— 115
 So ^q Ruffel did, but could not eat at night,
 Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
 And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

Or shall we ^r ev'ry Decency confound,
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 121
^s K—I's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
 Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125
 Renounce our ^t Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with ^v Wilmot own,
 The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
 And SWIFT cry wisely, “ Vive la Bagatelle!”
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

^w Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 131
 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
 Or better precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.



THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an *Absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of *our Neighbours*.

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolescieri*, etc. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the *Court* and *Nobi-*

ADVERTISEMENT.

lity, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a view of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*, and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character. P.

EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot ^a sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes; in ^b publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

^c Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, ^d Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;
^e Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit ^f invidiam supremo fine domari.

NOTES.

Book ii. Epist. i.] The Poet always rises with his original; and very often, without. This whole Imitation is extremely noble and sublime.

VER. 7. Edward and Henry, etc.] Romulus, et Liber Pater, etc. Horace very judiciously praises Augustus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he won; and therefore compares him, not to those who desolated,

E P I S T L E I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHile you, great Patron of Mankind ! ^a sustain
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main ;
 Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
 At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend ;
^b How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal 5
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal ?
^c Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more ^d sacred Name,
 After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd ;
^e Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind !
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
^f Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.

NOTES.

but to those who civilized mankind. The imitation wants this grace : and, for a very obvious reason, could not aim at it.

VER. 13. *Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh,*] The expression is extremely beautiful ; and the *ploravere* judiciously placed.

VER. 16. *Finds envy never conquer'd, etc.*] It hath been

* Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes

Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

^b Praesenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,

ⁱ Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,

^k *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et iustus in uno,

* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

NOTES.

the common practice of those amongst us, who have distinguished themselves in the learned world, to ascribe the ill treatment they meet with, from those they endeavour to oblige, to so bad a cause as *envy*. But surely without reason; for we find our Countrymen of the same candid disposition which Socrates, in the *Euthyphro* of Plato, ascribes to the Athenians of his time, *They are well content* (says he) *to allow the Pretensions of reputed eminence; it is only when a man will write, and presume to give a proof of it, that they begin to grow angry.* And how readily do we allow the reputation of eminence, in all the Arts, to those whose modesty has made them decline giving us a specimen of it in any. A temper surely very distant from envy. We ought not then to ascribe that violent ferment good men are apt to work themselves into, and the struggle they make to suppress the reputation

The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
Had still this Monster to subdue at last.

‡ Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away !

20

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

To thee, the World its present homage pays,
The Harvest early, ^h but mature the praise :

Great Friend of LIBERTY ! in *Kings* a Name

25

Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame* :

Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,

ⁱ As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.

Wonder of Kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes

^k None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

30

Just in one instance, be it yet confess

Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest :

NOTES.

of him who pretends to give a proof of what they are so willing to take for granted, to any thing but an eager concern for the public welfare. This, nothing better secures than the early damping that dangerous thing, Popularity ; which when joined to what is as easily abused, great Talents, may be productive of, one does not know what, mischief. SCRIBL.

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This instance has not the same grace here as in the original, where it comes in well after those of Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, and Pollux, tho' awkwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the sake of the beautiful thought in the next line ; which, yet, does not equal the force of his original.

Aestimât; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:

¹ Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
^m Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia ⁿ Graecorum sunt antiquissima quaeque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunae: *pingimus*, atque
^o *Pfallimus*, et ^p *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis*.
Si ^q meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decedit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis,

NOTES.

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, etc.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. P.

Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

¹ Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton Heads of houses quote :
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen ;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green ; 40
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,

^m He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly ⁿ Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires ?
 In ev'ry Public virtue we excell ; 45
 We build, we paint, ° we sing, we dance as well,
 And ^p learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If ^q Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine ? 50
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago ?
 End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin t' immortalize ?

NOTES.

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk o' the Green* ;] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club. P.

Est vetus atque probus, ⁊ centum qui perficit annos.

Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit? ⁊ veteresne poetas,

An quos et praesens et postera respuat aetas?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ⁊ *honeste*,

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permissio, caudaeque pilos ut ⁊ equinae
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;

Dum cadat elusus ratione ⁊ ruentis acervi,

Qui redit in ⁊ *fastos*, et virtutem aestimat annis,

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod ⁊ *Libitina* sacrauit.

⁂ Ennius et *sapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,

Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo ⁂ *promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea*.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Shakespear.*] Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden call'd his *Dotages*. P.

Ibid. and ev'ry Playhouse bill] A ridicule on those who talk of Shakespear, because he is in fashion; who, if they

" Who lasts a ^r century can have no flaw,
 " I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law.
 Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him ^s Ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60
 " We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 " By ^t courtesy of England, he may do.
 Then, by the rule that made the ^v Horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt ^w down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in ^x Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a Garland only on a ^y Bier.
^z Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew Immortal in his own despight.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
^a The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.

NOTES.

dared to do justice, either to their taste or their conscience, would own they liked *Durfey* better.

VER. 74. *The life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.

The beauty of this arises from a circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has succeeded.

^b Naevius in manibus non est; at ^c mentibus haeret
 Pene recens: ^d adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.
 Ambigitur ^e quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
 Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
 Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens; ^f habet hos numeratque poetas
 Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab aevo.
^g Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.
 Si ^h veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

NOTES.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] which has much more merit than his *Épic*, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

VER. 81. *In all debates etc.*] The Poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his Original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed.

VER. 85. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the com-

Ep. I. O F H O R A C E. 125

Who now reads ^b Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But still ^c I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, ^d surely, these were famous men !

“ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ? 80

“ In all ^e debates where Critics bear a part,

“ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

“ Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit ;

“ How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher

“ writ ;

“ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow ; 85

“ But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.

“ These, ^f only these, support the crouded stage,

“ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.”

All this may be ; the People's Voice is odd,

It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To ^h Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,

And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

NOTES.

mon Chat of the pretenders to Criticism ; in some things right, in others, wrong ; as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat. P.

—*hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley*, is a line of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester ; the sense of which seems to have been generally mistaken. It gives to each his epithet, not to design the *difference* of their talents, but the *number* of their productions.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low hu-

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :

Si quaedam nimis ⁱ *antique*, si pleraque ^k *dure*

Dicere cedit eos, ^l *ignave* multa fatetur ;

Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.

^m Non equidem infector, *delendaque carmina* Livî

Esse reor, memini quae ⁿ *plagofum* ^o *mibi parvo*

Orbilium dictare ;

sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror :

NOTES.

mour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries. P.

Ibid. *To Gammer Gurton, And yet deny, etc.*] i. e. If they give the bays to one play because it is *old*, and deny it to another as good, because it is *new* ; why then, I say, the Public acts a very foolish part.

VER. 97. *Spencer himself affects the Obsolete,*] This is certainly true ; he extended, beyond all reason, that precept of Horace,

Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque

Proferat in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum. etc.

Or say our Fathers never broke a rule ;
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
 But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the ⁱ Obsolete,
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on ^k Roman feet :
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
 Now Serpent-like, in ^l prose he sweeps the ground,
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.
^m Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
 Like ⁿ flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105
 At court, who hates whate'er he ^o read at school.
 But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
 The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease ;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110

NOTES.

VER. 98. *And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet :*] Sir Philip Sidney. He attempted to introduce the Roman hexameter and pentameter measure into English verse. *Baif*, a french poet in the time of their Hen. II. had attempted the same thing before him, and with the same success.

VER. 104. *his desp'rate hook*] Alluding to the several passages of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including within hooks, some with judgment, and some without.

Inter quae ^p *verbum emicuit* si forte decorum,
 Si ^q *versus* paulo concinnior unus et alter;
 Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

^r Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

^s Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attæ*
Fabula, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quae ^t *gravis Aesopus*, quae doctus *Roscius* egit.
 Vel quia nil ^v rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quae
 Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

NOTES.

VER. 113. *gleams thro' many a page,*] The image is taken from half-formed unripe lightening, which streams along the sky, and is just sufficient to shew the deformity of those black vapours to which it serves (as Milton expresses it, for a silver lining.

VER. 119. *On Avon's bank,*] At Stratford in Warwickshire, where Shakespear had his birth. The thought of the Original is here infinitely improved. *Perambulet* is a low allusion to the name and imperfections of *Atta*.

VER. 121. *One Tragic sentence if I dare deride,*] When writers of our Author's rank have once effectually exposed *turgid expression*, and reduced it to its just value,

One Simile, that ^p solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or ^a lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a
page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

' I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115

When works are censur'd, not as bad but new ;

While if our Elders break all reason's laws,

These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

^s On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow ? 120

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride

Which ^t Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,

(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)

How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125

And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age !

You'd think ^v no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,

Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

NOTES.

which, hitherto, the small critics had mistaken for the *sublime*, these latter are now apt to suspect all they do not understand, to be bombast: like the Idiot in Cervantes, who having been beat for not distinguishing between a Cur and a Greyhound, imagined every dog he met, to be a Cur-dog.

VER. 124. *A muster roll of Names,*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the *meer Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P.

Jam ^w *Saliare Numae carmen* qui laudat, et illud,

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

^x Quod si tam Graecis *novitas* invisa fuisset,

Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

^y Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in *vitium* fortuna labier aequa;

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ^z *equorum*;

NOTES.

VER. 129—130.] Much inferior to the original.

VER. 138. *By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?*] A ridicule on the tribe of *learned Critics*, who think all writers but the ancient unworthy their care and attention. This came properly into a satire, whose subject is the unreasonable fondness for antiquity in general.

VER. 140. *with Charles restor'd;*] He says, *restored*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that practised in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather.

VER. 142. A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

VER. 143. *In Horsemanship t'excelle, And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the *Romance of Parthenissa*, by the

Ep. I. O F H O R A C E. 131

Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130

He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, * or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.

* Had ancient times conspir'd to dis-allow 135

What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read

By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?

† In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword

Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140

In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,

"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."

Then Peers grew proud in ‡ Horsemanship t' excell,

New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;

The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145

And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

NOTES.

Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. P.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] A kind of heroical Romances, whose subject was some celebrated story of antiquity. In these voluminous extravagancies, *love and honour* supplied the place of *life and manners*, which were scarce ever thought of till Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. Fielding in England introduced this species of fable: and, by enriching it with the best part of the comic art, may be said to have brought it to perfection.

^a Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit ;

Suspendit ^b picta vultum mentemque tabella ;

Nunc ^c tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragoedis :

^d Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

^e Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura ;

Scriptos ^g nominibus rectis expendere nummos ;

^f *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quae

Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

NOTES.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas stole The sleepy Eye, etc.*] This was the Characteristic of this excellent Colourist's expression ; who was an excessive Manierist.

VER. 153. *On each enervate string, etc.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. P.

Ep. I. OF HORACE. 133

Then ^a Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :
 Lely on ^b animated Canvas stole
 The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court :
 On ^c each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

But ^d Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws ;
 Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause. 160

^e Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
 To ^f worship like his Fathers, was his care ; 165
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir ;
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold ;
 And place, on good ^g Security, his Gold. |

NOTES.

VER. 158. *Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;*] The first half of Charles the Second's Reign was passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners ; the other half, in factious disputes about popish plots and French prerogative.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, ^h et calet uno

Scribendi studio : puerique patresque severi

Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.

Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

Invenior ⁱ Parthis *mendacior* ; et prius orto

Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

^k Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet : abrotonum aegro

Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare : quod *medicorum* est,

Promittunt ^l medici : tractant fabrilia fabri :

^m Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

ⁿ Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas

NOTES.

VER. 180. *to shew our Wit.*] The force of this consists in the ambiguity.—To shew how constant we are to our resolutions—or, to shew what fine verses we can make.

VER. 181. *He serv'd etc.*] To the simple elegance of the original, the Poet has here added great spirit and vi-

Ep. I. O F H O R A C E. 135

Now times are chang'd, and one ^h Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich : 170
Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.

I, who so oft renounce the Muses, ⁱ lye, 175
Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I ;

When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more ;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to shew our Wit. 180

^k He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop ;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop ;
Ev'n ^l Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile ? 185

(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But ^m those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, ⁿ reflect, the mischief is not great ;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State : 190

NOTES.

vacuity, without departing from the fidelity of a translation.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.

Virtutes habeat, sic collige : vatis ° *avarus*

Non temere est animus : p̄ versus amat, hoc studet

unum ;

Detrimenta, q̄ fugas servorum, incendia ridet ;

Non r̄ fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam

Pupillo ; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo s̄ ;

r̄ Militiae quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi ;

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.

v̄ Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat :

NOTES.

VER. 201. *Of little use, etc.*] There is a poignancy in the following verses, which the original did not aim at, nor affect.

VER. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character ; but with an intermixture of irony : *Vi-*

Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
 And rarely ° Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his ^p plaything of a Pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 † Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To ^r cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect Hermit in his ^s diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose;
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
 And († tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
 † What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King; 210

NOTES.

vit filiquis et pane secundo has a relation to his Epicurism;
Os tenerum pueri, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet
 follows, *Torquet ab obscenis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte*
facta refert, etc. which the Imitator has apply'd where
 he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be
 pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what
 deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be ar-
 raigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses. P.

Torquet * ab *obscœnis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem ;

Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,

Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae ;

Recte facta refert ; * orientia tempora notis

Infruit exemplis ; † *inopem* solatur et *aegrum*.

Castis cum * pueris ignara puella mariti

NOTES.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.

VER. 229. *Not but there are, etc.*] Nothing can be more truly humorous or witty than all that follows to † 240. Yet the noble sobriety of the original, or, at least, the appearance of sobriety, which is the same thing here, is of a taste vastly superior to it.

Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains.
 He, ^w from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
 The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd.
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to ^y relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And ^x stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with ^z Psalms:
 The ^a Boys and Girls whom charity maintains, 231
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:

NOTES.

VER. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a Courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his *Church History*, says he was esteemed an *excellent Poet*.

Disceret unde ^b *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et *praesentia numina* sentit;
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
 Avertit morbos, ^c *metuenda pericula* pellit;
 Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
^d Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.

^e Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum fociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
^f Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lufit amabiliter: ^g donec jam saevus apertam
 In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
 Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura

NOTES.

VER. 241. *Our rural Ancestors, etc.*] This is almost literal; and shews, that the beauty and spirit, so much ad-

How could Devotion ^b touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down ^c Pope and Turk.
 The glenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And ^d Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our ^e rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care: 246
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And ^f Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But Times corrupt, and ^g Nature, ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.

NOTES.

mired in these Poems, owe less to the liberty of imitating,
 than to the superior genius of the imitator.

Conditione super communi: ^h quin etiam lex
 Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad ⁱ *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

^k Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit ^l *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiae pepulere: sed in longum tamen aevum
 Manferunt, hodieque manent, ^m *vestigia ruris*.
 Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
 Et post ⁿ *Punica bella* quietus quaerere coepit,

NOTES.

VER. 259. *Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side, etc.*] These two lines (notwithstanding the reference) are an addition to the Original. They seemed necessary to compleat the History of the rise and progress of Wit; and, if attended to, will be seen to make much for the argument the Poet is upon, viz. the recommendation of Poetry to the protection of the Magistrate. And is, therefore, what Horace would have chosen to say, had he reflected on it.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France, etc.*] The instance the Poet here gives, to answer that in the Original, is not so happy. However, it might be said with truth, that our

At length, by wholesome ^h dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
 Most warp'd to ⁱ Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

^k We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's
 charms ;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms ;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and ^l Numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine. }
 Tho' still some traces of our ^m rustic vein 270
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation ⁿ breath'd from civil war.

NOTES.

Intrigues on the Continent brought us acquainted with the
provincial Poets, and produced *Chaucer*. Only I wonder,
 when he had such an example before him, of a Bard who
 so greatly polished the rusticity of his age, he did not use
 it to paraphrase the sense of

*Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
 Munditiæ pepulere :*

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth ;*] Mr. Waller, about
 this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and
 others, translated the Pompey of Corneille ; and the more
 correct French Poets began to be in reputation. P.

Quid ° Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile fer-
rent :

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset :
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer :
Nam ° spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet :
Sed ° turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram*.

Creditur, ex ° medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comoedia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus. ° aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto ° *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi :
Quantus sit Dossennus ° *edacibus in parasitis* ;
Quam ° *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco*.
Gessit enim ° nummum in loculos demittere ; post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam ° ventoso gloria curru,

NOTES.

VER. 290. *Astræa*,] A Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Au-
thoress of several obscene Plays, etc. P.

Ibid. *The stage how loosely does Astræa tread*,] The fine

Ep. I. O F H O R A C E. 145

Exact ° Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the ^p Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And ^a fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The ^r humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less ^s. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
 Tell me if ^t Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how ^v loosely does Astræa tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky ^w eat with vast applause!
 But fill their ^x purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295
 O you! whom ^y Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,

NOTES.

metaphor of *non astricto*, greatly improved by the happy ambiguity of the word *loosely*

VER. 296. O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys,]

* L

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum

Subruit, ac reficit : ^z valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

^a Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam ;

Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,

Indocti, stolidique, et ^b depugnare parati

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

Aut ^c *ursum* aut *pugiles* : his nam plebecula gaudet.

Verum ^d *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas

Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas ;

Dum fugiunt ^e *equitum* turmae, peditumque catervae :

Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis ;

NOTES.

The metaphor is fine, but inferior to the Original, in many respects.

ventoso gloria curru,
has a happy air of ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more serious light, as representing the Poet a *Slave* to Fame or *Glory*.

Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria.

With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

* Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

* There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, ^b to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, ^c the Bear, or the Black-joke.

What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now ^d of Lords;

(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot ^e and horse; 315

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;

NOTES.

as was the custom in their triumphs. In other respects it has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes his first entrance on the stage not, immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his Fortune*. However,

Who pants for Glory, etc.

is much superior to the Original.

VER. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*
From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from *Operas* to *Pantomines*.

Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves ;
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
^f Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive ^g *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi praeberentem mimo spectacula plura :
 Scriptores autem ^h narrare putaret *asello*
Fabellam furdo. nam quae ⁱ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra ?
^k *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum*.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
^l *Divitiaeque peregrinae* : quibus ^m oblitus *aëtor*
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.
 Dixit adhuc aliquid ? nil sane. Quid placet ergo ?
ⁿ Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
 Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusem,
 Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne ;

NOTES.

VER. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble

The Champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With ^f laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or ^g Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight !
 Ah luckless ^h Poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more ; 325
 While all its ⁱ throats the Gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends !
 Loud as the Wolves, on ^k Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ^l petticoat ;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the ^m lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters — hark ! the Universal peal !
 " But has he spoken ? " Not a syllable. 335
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare ?
ⁿ Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
 Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,

NOTES.

contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England
 was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. P.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep*.] The farthest Northern
 Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire poeta ; ° meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

¶ Verum age, et his, qui se *lector*i credere malunt,

Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam impende brevem : si ^a munus Apolline dignum

Vis *complere libris* ; et vatibus addere calcar,

Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

¶ Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,

(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum

^a *Sollicito* damus, aut *fesso* : cum laedimur, ^t *unum*

NOTES.

VER. 347. *To Thebes, to Athens, etc.*] i. e. is equally knowing in the manners of the most different people ; and has the skill to employ those manners with decorum.

Ep.
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Ep. I. OF HORACE. 151

Let me for once presume t'instruct the times, 340
 To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes :
 'Tis he, ° who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns ;
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart ; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

° But not this part of the Poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great :
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?
 How shall we fill ° a Library with Wit,
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet ? 355

My Liege ! why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess ; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We ' Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :
 The ° season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;

NOTES.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum*. The *Ba-*
latine Library then building by Augustus. P.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gar-
 den of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection
 of Books. P.

Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum* :
 Cum loca jam ^v recitata revolvimus *irrevocati* :
 Cum ^w lamentamur non *apparere* labores
 Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *flo* ;
 Cum ^x speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et *scribere* cogas.
 Sed tamen est ^y *operae* *precium* cognoscere, *quales*
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
 Virtus, ^z *indigno* non committenda *poetae*.

^a Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* praeter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aera
Fortis ^b *Alexandri* vultum *simulantia*. quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares ;
^c Boeotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men.
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
 A ^t single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365
 Repeat ^v unask'd ; lament, the ^w Wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King ;
 And ^x from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown ;
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet ^y think, great Sir ! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known ?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the ^z Laureat's weighty place.
^a Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;
 And great ^b Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed ;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles ;
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 " No Lord's anointed, but a ^c Russian Bear.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae ;*]

Nec magis expressi^d vultus per aenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego malle
Repentes per humum, ^e quam *res componere gestas*,
Terrarumque ^f situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et ^g *barbara regna*, tuisque
Auspiciis totum ^h *confecta duella per orbem*,
Claustaque ^h custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et ⁱ formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque par-
vum

* *Carmen majestas recipit tua ; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recusant.*

NOTES.

VER. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains ;*] Archbishop Tillotson hath said, " That satire and invective were
" the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it
" will serve to abuse and find fault. For wit (says he) is
" a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with
" it. But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, re-
" quires great art and dexterity. To praise any thing
" well, is an argument of much more wit than to abuse ;
" a little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish
" a man for satire, but the greatest instance of wit is to
" commend well." Thus far this candid Prelate. And
I, in my turn, might as well say, that Satire was the most
difficult, and Panegyric the easiest thing in nature ; for

Not with such ^d majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your ^e Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing! 395
 What ^f seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How ^g barb'rous rage subdied at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
^h Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And ⁱ Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
 But ^k Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: 405

NOTES.

that any barber-surgeon can curl and shave, and give cosmetic-washes for the skin; but it requires the abilities of an Anatomist to dissect and lay open the whole interior of the human frame. But the truth is, these similitudes prove nothing, but the good fancy, or the ill judgment of the user. The one is just as easy to do *ill*, and as difficult to do *well* as the other. In our Author's *Essay on the Characters of Men*, the Encomium on Lord Cobham, and the satire on Lord Wharton, are the equal efforts of the same great genius. There is one advantage indeed in Satire over Panegyric, which every body has taken notice of, that it is more *readily received*; but this does not shew that it is more *easily written*.

Sedulitas autem ¹ *stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget ;
Praecipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis ^m *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror ⁿ officium, quod me gravat : ac neque *fictis*
In ^o *pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :
Ne ^p rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum ^a scriptore meo capsula porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

Ep. I

The 4

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The Zeal of ^l Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say ^m I bite.
A vile ⁿ Encomium doubly ridicules : 410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a ^o woful likeness ; and if lyes,
“ Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise : ”
Well may he ^p blush, who gives it, or receives ;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
(Like ^q Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

SE

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H

Lude

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. HOR.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
^b Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
 Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: " Hic et
 " Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
 " Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
 " Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
 " Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti
 " Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
 " Quin etiam canet indoctum, fed dulce bibenti.
 " Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo
 " Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 " Res urget me nulla: meo sum paupere in aere.
 " Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a
 " me

NOTES.

VER. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

VER. 15. *But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?*]

E P I S T L E II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois :

" Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how curl'd !

" My only son, I'd have him see the world : 6

" His French is pure ; his Voice too—you shall hear.

" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

" Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please :

" A perfect genius at an Opera-song— 11

" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

" Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;

" His whole ambition was to serve a Lord ;

" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part ? 15

" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.

" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,

" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :

" The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,

" (Cou'd you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal. 20

NOTES.

The numbers well express the unwillingness of parting
with what one can ill spare.

* M

“ Quivis ferret idem : semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)

“ In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae :

“ Des nummos, excepta nihil te si *fuga* laedit.

^c Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.

Prudens emisisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex.

Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

^d Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi

Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea faevus

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quod

Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

^e Luculli miles collecta viatica multis

Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem

Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,

NOTES.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pan-cha. P. Sir Godfrey Kneller.

VER. 33. *In Anna's Wars, etc.*] Many parts of this story are well told ; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the original.

' If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

' Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With Laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

' In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, }
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

NOTES.

VER. 37. *This put the man, etc.*] Greatly below the Original,

*Post hoc uehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.*

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere praetor
Nescio quid cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, “ Ibit,
 “ Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
 ‘ Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
 Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
 Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,
 Atque inter filvas Academi *quaerere* verum.

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.*] For the sake of a stroke of satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided it, tho’ the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery.

VER. 51. *Let him take castles who has ne’er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the justness of the original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

Ibit,

Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit.

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger; many being equal to the first, who cannot

"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45
 "Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
 "Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 "More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 "D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot? 50
 "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

'Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
 Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad: 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell;

NOTES.

bear the other. What betray'd our poet into this inaccuracy of expression was it's suiting better with the *application*. But in a great writer we pardon nothing. And such an one should never forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for so, they reflect a mutual light upon one another.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*]
 This circumstance has a happier application in the *imitation* than in the *original*; and properly introduces the 68th verse.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,
Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
 Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
 Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
 Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,
 Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicutae*,
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?
 ^z Singula de nobis anni *praedantur* euntes ;
 Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum* ;
 Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis ?
 ^h Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] For it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a Book, which does honour to one's Age and Country, and consequently reflects back part of it on the *Subscribers*, should be esteemed a debt or obligation.

Ep. II. O F H O R A C E. 167

And certain Laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,

He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 65
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.

But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

^g Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day.
At last they steal us from ourselves away ;

In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend : 75

This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill

That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still.
 ^h But after all, what wou'd you have me do? 80
When out of twenty I can please not two ;

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam-Hospital. P.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away;*] i. e. *Time* changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

Carmine tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;

Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.

Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet
alter :

Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

ⁱ Praeter caetera me *Romaene* poemata censes

Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?

Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. “ Verum

“ Purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obstat.”

Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor :

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

NOTES.

VER. 87. *Oldfield — Dartineuf*] Two celebrated Gluttons.—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage,

When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:
 A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
 There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
 "Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
 "And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well however as one ought; 100
 A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

NOTES.

as intimating that the demand for verse is only a species
 of luxury.

Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris :

Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

* I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus*, et *fugit urbes*,

Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum ?

¹ Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas defumfit *Athenas*,

Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque

Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*

Plerumque, et risu populum quatit : hic ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

NOTES.

VER. 104. *Have you not seen, etc.*] The satirical pleasantry of this image, and the humorous manner of representing it, raises the imitation, in this place, far above the original.

VER. 113. *Would drink and doze, etc.*] This has not the delicacy, or elegant ambiguity of,

Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

Ep. II. O F H O R A C E. 171

Have you not seen, at Guild-hall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass? 105

And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Car?

* Go, lofty Poet! and in such a croud,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.

Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run, 110

To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,

Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

¹ The Man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116

To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,

See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,

He walks, an object new beneath the sun!

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:

So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,

Stept from its pedestal to take the air! }

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,

With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;

NOTES.

where the intemperance of Poets is not the *obvious*, but the *secret* meaning. For Bacchus was the patron of the *Drama* as well as of the *Bottle*; and *sleep* was courted for *inspiration*, as well as to relieve a *debauch*.

Ibid. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London. P.

VER. 124. *With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their*

Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

ⁿ Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter

Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:

Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.

Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?

ⁿ *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos*; mirabile visu,

Caelatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-

spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem*.

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,

Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Caedimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

NOTES.

doors;] The licence, luxury, and mutiny of an opulent city are not ill described.

VER. 132. *And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.*] It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *out-witted*.—

Ep. II. OF HORACE. 173

Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125

Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

^m The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.

“ 'Twas, Sir, your law”—and “ Sir, your eloquence”
“ Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's
“ sense.

ⁿ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
“ My dear Tibullus!” if that will not do,
“ Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

NOTES.

VER. 139. *Merlin's Cave,*] In the Royal Gardens at Richmond. By this it should seem as if the collection of poetry, in that place, was not to our Author's taste.

VER. 140. *But Stephen*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
 Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?
 Quis, nisi Callimachus ? si plus adposcere visus ;
 Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
 Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,
 Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto :
 Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
 Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.

• Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina : ve-
 rum

Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
 Si taceas, laudant ; quidquid scripsere, beati.
 At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti :
 Audebit quaecunque parem splendoris habebunt,
 Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
 Verba movere loco ; quamvis *invita* recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae :
 P *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas :

NOTES.

VER. 167. *Command old words, that long have slept, to wake*] The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician evoking the dead from their sepulchres,

“ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains, 145
 “ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming race;
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write: 150
 But let the Fit pass o’er, I’m wise enough,
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

• In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 ’Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais’d within, is happy all day long,
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such Verse as we can read?
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe’er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay tho’ at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they’ll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright thro’ the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;

NOTES.

Et mugire solum, mansque exire sepulchris.
 Horace has not the same force,
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum.

Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus :
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua :
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet :
Ludentis speciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

¶ Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
 Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argus,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedæ,

NOTES.

VER. 170. *For Use will father what's begot by Sense*] A very fine and happy improvement on the *expression*, it not on the *thought*, of his original.

VER. 175. *But show no mercy to an empty line* ;] To such, our Poet was always inexorable. Unless it was once, when in the full blaze of his glory, he chose to sacrifice to envy, in that devoted and execrable line, in one of the best translated books of the *Odyssey*,

“ Close to the Cliff with both his hands he clung,
 “ *And stuck adherent, and suspended hung.*

The small critics could never have supported themselves without the consolation of such a verse ; to which indeed ever since the whole tribe of Scriblers

*with both their hands have clung,
 And stuck adherent, and suspended hung.*

Ep. II. O F H O R A C E. 177

Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong, }
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
 " But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 ' If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhiming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

NOTES.

But there is a set of still lower Creatures than these, at the tail of which is one EDWARDS, who can make shift to subsist even on a Printer's blunder. The late Editor of Shakespear gave order to the corrector of the press, that all Mr. Pope's notes should be printed in their places. In one of these there was mention made, as they say, of some Italian novels (I forget whose) in which *Dec.* and *Nov.* were printed thus contractedly. But the printers of the late edition lengthen'd them into *December* and *November*, and, in this condition, they are charged upon the Editor by this *Edwards*. Now, was the man such a Duncie to make his criticism with good faith, he is much to be pitied; was he such a Knave to make it without, he is much more to be pitied.

In vacuo laetus sessor plauforque *theatro* :

Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto

More ; bonus sane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,

Comis in uxorem ; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,

Et figno laeso *non insanire* lagenae :

Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,

Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

Et redit ad sese : Pol me occidistis, amici,

Non servastis, ait ; cui sic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per viam mentis gratissimus error.

‘ Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum ;

NOTES.

VER. 184. *There liv'd in primo Georgii, etc.*] The imitation of this story of the *Madman* is as much superior to his original, in the fine and easy manner of telling, as that of Lucullus's Soldier comes short of it. It is true the turn

Ep. II. O F H O R A C E. 179

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord; 185
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
 Not quite a mad-man, tho' a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
 cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
 My Friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
 That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note, 196
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

' Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate:
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200
 I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
 I learn to smoothe and harmonize my Mind,
 Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

NOTES.

Horace's madman took, agrees better with the subject of
 his Epistle, which is *Poetry*; and doubtless there were
 other beauties in it, which time has deprived us of.

' Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *verae numerosque modosque* ediscere *vitae*.

Quocirca *mecum* loquor haec, tacitusque recordor :

' Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,
Narrares medicis : quod quanto plura parasti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes ?

' Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier : audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam ; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem ?

At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te ; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

NOTES.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels, etc*] This illustration is much happier than *that* employed in his original ; as by raising pecuniary ideas, it prepares the mind for that morality it is brought to illustrate.

* Soon as I enter at my country door,
 My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;
 Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
 Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.
 There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
 I ask these sober questions of my heart.

* If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
 You tell the Doctor ; when the more you have,
 The more you want, why not with equal ease
 Confess as well your Folly, as Disease ? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
 " Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
 v When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
 You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil :
 When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
 Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast, most dirty D— ! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there ?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these Flatt'ers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.

NOTES.

VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Ken—t.

VER. 229. *lov'd sixpence,*] Avarice, and the contempt
 of it, is well expressed in these words.

^w Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et aere est,

Quaedam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus* :
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est ; et villicus Orbî,
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
 Te dominum sentit.

^x das nummos ; accipis uvam,

Pullos, ova, cadum temeti : nempe modo isto
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
 Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.
 Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim* ?

^y Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
 Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat ; emtis
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.

Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adfita certis
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia : tanquam

^z Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte su-
 prema,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et haeres
 Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam :

NOTES.

VER. 232. *delightful Abs-court*] A farm over-against Hampton-Court.

VER. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r*, *Loose on the point*

" If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
 A Property, that's yours on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :
 All * Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
 His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own : 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;
 Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found ?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

† Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
 Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
 Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor, a perpetuity should stand :
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
 * Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch ! what wou'dst thou have ?
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

NOTES.

of ev'ry wav'ring hour.] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original.

Quid *vici* profunt, aut *horrea*? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

^a Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, ta-
bellas,

Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

^b Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*

Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter

Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu

Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:

NOTES.

VER. 273 *All Townshend's Turnips.*] Lord Townshend,
Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—
When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused

Ep. II. OF HORACE. 185

All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255

Alas, my BATHURST ! what will they avail ?

Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,

Let rising Granaries and Temples here,

There mingled farms and pyramids appear,

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260

Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke !

Inexorable Death shall level all,

And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

^a Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265

There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

^b Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll
find,

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270

Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun ;

The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,

All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's mines :

Why one like Bu—with pay and scorn content,

Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275

NOTES.

himself in Husbandry ; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips ; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum :

NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ, mortalis in unum-

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

* Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam : nec metuam, quid de me judicet *haeres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
Diffat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.
† Pauperies immunda procul procul absit : ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva* ; ferar unus et idem.

NOTES.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, etc.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy ; and thereby giving a much better sense to his Original ; and correcting both the *naturalism* and the *fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words,

One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
 Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual: His great End the same.

* Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place:
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more;
 Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd, if fordid want be far away. 295

† What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
 The Ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.

NOTES.

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
 NATURAE DEUS HUMANAÆ.

VER. 288. *But sure no statute*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the Succession of Papists, etc.

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo :

Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.

Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

‡ Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto

Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides?

Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?

Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta?

Quid te exemta levat spinis de pluribus una?

‡ Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lufisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

NOTES.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds.*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition, he would explode; whereas his

Ep. II. OF HORACE. 189

I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

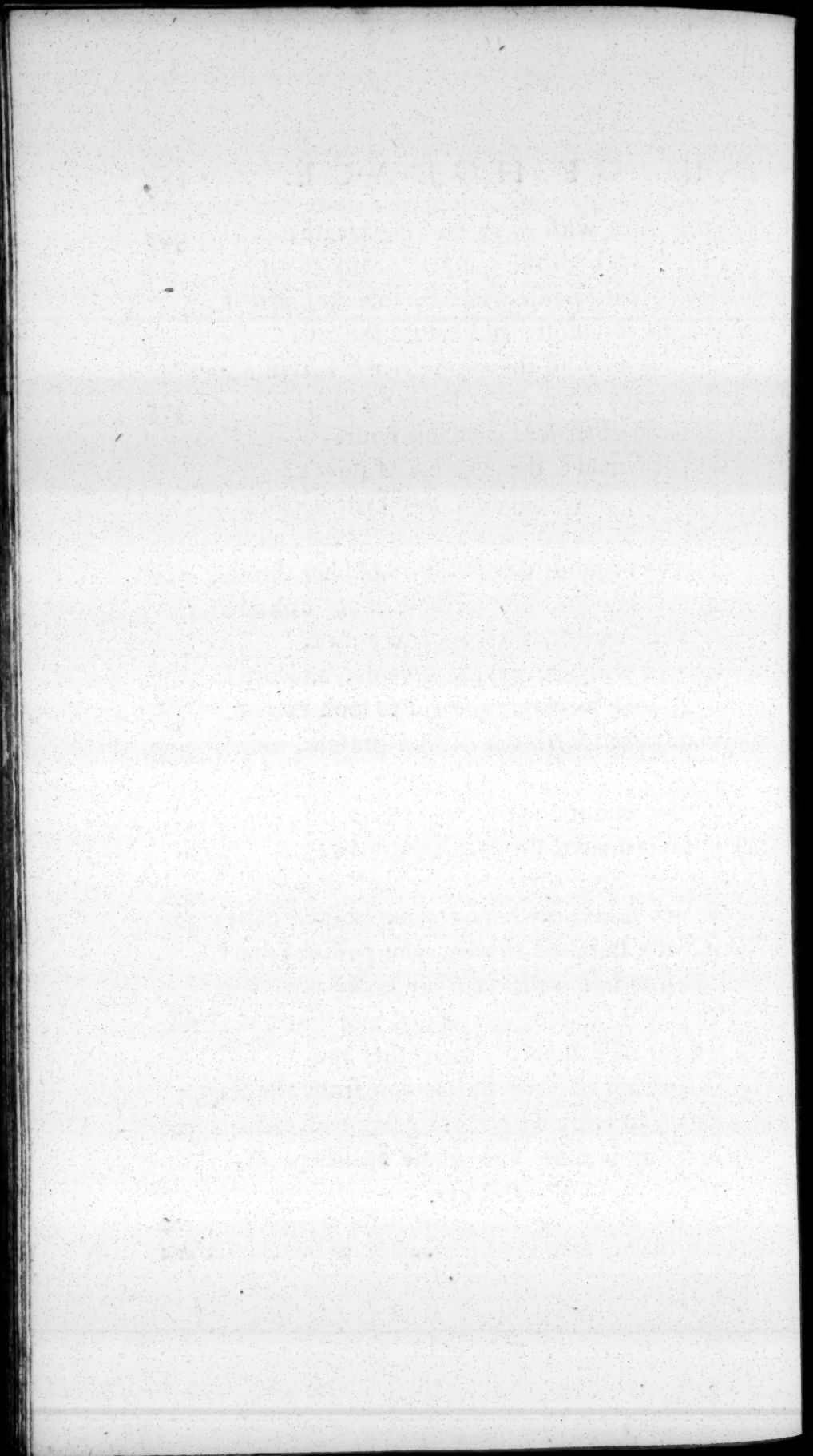
“ But why all this of Av'rice? I have none.”

I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone; 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

NOTES.

Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits, such as the *diablerie* of witchcraft and purgatory.



THE
SATIRES
OF
Dr. JOHN DONNE,
Dean of ST. PAUL's,
VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Verficulos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

S A T I R E II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As, I think, that brings *dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
 Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above
 And bellows pant bellow, which them do move.
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;

S A T I R E II.

Y E S; thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
 Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
 One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
 As who knows Sapho, smiles at other whores.
 I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
 Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows
 how,

5

But that the cure is starving, all allow.
 Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
 Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:
 The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

10

15

20

One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

Rams, and slings now are filly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known,
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
..... to out-usure Jews,
T'out-drink the sea, t'out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

NOTES.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous,
In what Commandment's large receipt they dwell.
As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready

In love's, in nature's spite; the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat. 26

Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more :
Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same ;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,

Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40

Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

NOTES.

to receive every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature* or the *Gospel commands*. A just ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious Duties within them.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
 But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
 Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs wherefoe'er he goes
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.**

Words, words which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:
 More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
 Then sick with Poetry, and posselt with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill; now he must talk

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
 Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
 No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
 Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Aufter hold
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
 Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*:
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies,
 And what a solemn face if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only Suretiship that brought 'em there. 70
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;

Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block ^b, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first dayes

NOTES.

^b His comparing Advocates inforcing the Law to the Bench, to a *wedge in a block*, our Author justly thought too licentious to be imitated.

For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause, 75
 And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns, 80
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand: 85
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
 Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piccemeal they win this acre first, then that, 90
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are; 95
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires*:

When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
 Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)
 But when he sells or changes land, h'impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As flily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd here-
 tofore
 Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within
 door.

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
 Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *Treason, or the Law.*] By the *Law* is here
 meant the *Lawyers*.

No Commentator can more sily pass 100
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even song; 105
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's pray'r, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?

We see no new-built palaces aspire, 110
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 114
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;

And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow; 120
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 125
 Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My fin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
 To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Well, if it be etc.*] Donne says,
Well; I may now receive and die.
 which is very indecent language on so ludicrous an occasion.

VER. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave,*] We verily think he did. But of the immediate cause of his departure hence there is some small difference between his Friends and Enemies. His family suggests that a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended with a Droply in the breast, enough to have killed Hercules. The Gentlemen of the Dunciad maintain, that he

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S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,

Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my Purgatory here betimes,

5

And paid for all my fatires, all my rhymes.

The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,

To this were trifles, toys and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,

Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd ;

10

I hop'd for no commiffion from his Grace;

I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place ;

Had no new verses, nor new fuit to show ;

Yet went to Court !—the Dev'l would have it so.

But, as the Fool that in reforming days

15

Wou'd go to Mafs in jeft (as ftory fays)

NOTES.

fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourselves should be inclined to this latter opinion, for the sake of ornamenting his story ; for it would be a fine thing for his Historian to be able to say, that he died, like his immortal namefake, *Alexander the Great*, by a drug of so deadly cold a nature, that, as Plutarch and other grave writers tell us, it could be contained in nothing but the Skull of an Ass. SCRIBL.

VER. 7. *The Poet's bell*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his Original.

Before he scap'd ; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this ; towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came :
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than Africk Monsters, Guianaes rarities,
 Stranger than strangers ^a : one who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by ;
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are ?

His cloaths were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
 though bare,

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tuffaffaty ; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

NOTES.

^a This is ill expressed, for it only means, he would be
 more stared at than Strangers are.

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Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they }
 Who live at Court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the Moon.
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise Justice starting from his chair
 Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?
 Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
tongues,

And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and best phraze of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! He faith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist? and I feelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.

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Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.

The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar : 55
These I cou'd bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

He spies me out, I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me ! 65
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if—'s your name.
What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King's*, said I."
But the best *words*?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."

Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd: here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babels Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
 He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
 My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Yet these were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his original. Donne makes his thread-bare Traveller content himself under his

Sat. I.
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You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70
And perfect *Speaker* ?— “ Onslow, past dispute.”

But, Sir, of writers ? “ Swift, for closer style,
“ But Ho**y for a period of a mile.”

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass :
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ; 75

Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)

Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough :

Yet these were all poor Gentlemen ! I dare

Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80

He came by sure transition to his own :

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,

Pity ! you was not Druggerman at Babel ;

For had they found a linguist half so good,

I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85

“ Obliging Sir ! for Courts you sure were made :

“ Why then for ever bury'd in the shade ?

“ Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,

“ The King would smile on you--at least the Queen.

Ah gentle Sir ! you Courtiers so cajol us— 90

But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :

And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say

No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :

NOTES.

poverty with the reflection that Panurge himself, the great
Traveler and Linguist in Rabelais, went a begging.

* P .

To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks, O
 Sir,

'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
 Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes
 meet

Kings only: The way to it is Kings-street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic,
 course,

So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.

NOTES.

VER. 104. *He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,*
 There is something humourous enough in the words of
 the Original. *The way to it is Kings-street.* But the Imi-

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Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 211

Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
 Few are the Converts Aretine has made ; 95
 And tho' the Court shew Vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies :

" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100

" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings !

Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs ! said I,

He dwells amidst the royal Family ;

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,

Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105

And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,

What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.

" Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic ! strangely low,

" And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.

" How elegant your Frenchmen ?" Mine, d'ye mean ?

I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111

" Oh ! Sir, politely so ! nay, let me die,

" Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."

Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,

And this you see is but my dishabille— 115

Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

NOTES.

tator has given us more than an equivalent in that fine
 stroke of moral satire in the 106 and 107th lines.

Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly ; I chaf'd him : but as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron groun'd
 Into an edge, hurts worse : So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his style doth dress ;
 And asks what news ; I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which stayes
 A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
 More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash : He know, he knows
 When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
 A subtle Statesman may gather of that ;
 He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison
 Hafts to an Offices reversion ;
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loves whores
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport ;

Sat. IV: V E R S I F I E D. 213

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, " What News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
He hears, and as a Still with simples in it
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies. 129
Meer household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollingsheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
what

A subtle Minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his Pension rug,
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug: 135
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:
Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Trust or Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:

shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this ^a Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a privileg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;

NOTES.

^a Whom we call an Ass, the Italians style *Maccheroni*.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face etc.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,
And wiser than all us

He knows what Lady

the reader expects it will conclude,—*what Lady is painted.*
 No, just the contrary,

what Lady is not painted,

satirically insinuating, that that is a better Proof of the goodness of his intelligence than the other. The Reader

Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country, or the town : 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :
 Trim's Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart.
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man ;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom :
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :

NOTES.

sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting; in which case the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.

That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigg upon you: so did he
 With his long complimentary thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)

NOTES.

VER. 167. *fall endlong*] The sudden effect of the transformation is strongly and finely painted to the imagina-

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free ;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart ; and still afraid, to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God ! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense : 185
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings !

NOTES.

tion, not in the sound, but in the sense of these two words.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully

Ran from thence with such, or more hast than one
Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
It self o'er me : such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser : Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns ; and my mistress truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility ?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court ? I
Think he which made your ^b Waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers ; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor

NOTES.

sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil, in the region of *beat*. They both call out as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

O qui me gelidis —

O quickly bear me hence.

^b A show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First. P.

There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
 A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free ;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me : 195
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown ?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man ?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility ?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ? 205
 Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax* !
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs :
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face !

NOTES.

VER. 188. *There sober thought*] These two lines are remarkable for the delicacy and propriety of the expression.

VER. 194. *Base Fear*] These four admirable lines become the high office he had assumed, and so nobly sustained.

Taft have in them, ours are ; and natural
Some of the stocks ^c are ; their fruits baftard all.

'Tis ten a Clock and paft ; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ftews
Had all the morning held, now the fecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Prefence*, and I (God pardon me)
As frefh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they fold to buy them. For a king
Thofe hofe are, cry the flatterers : and bring
Them next week to the theatre to fell.
Wants reach all ftates : me feems they do as well
At ftage, as courts ; all are players. Whoe'er looks,
(For themfelves dare not go) o'er Cheapfide books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak fhips fraught with Cutchanel)
The men board them ; and praife (as they think) well,

NOTES.

^c That is, of wood.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous fhew of the
Court of France, in Wax-work. P.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted

Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 221

Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210

No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings,

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more

At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,

Pay their last duty to the Court, and come

All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215

In hues as gay, and odours as divine,

As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

"That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears;

'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.

Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220

That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.

And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?

For these are actors too, as well as those:

Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,

And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,

Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,

Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes

So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230

He boarding her, she striking sail to him:

NOTES.

gaming-house: Fig's, a Prize fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd instruction in those days: It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

VER. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Chamberlain's Authority.

Their beauties ; they the mens wits ; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns ^d, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net :
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set ^e.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Prefence were a Mosch : and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate :
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles ^f, with such nicety
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,

NOTES.

^d i. e. Arrive to worship and magistracy. The reason he gives is, that those who have wit are forced to sell their stock, instead of trading with it. This thought, tho' not amiss, our Poet has not paraphrased. It is obscurely expressed, and possibly it escaped him.

“ Dear Countess ! you have charms all hearts to hit !”
 And “ Sweet Sir Fopling ! you have so much wit !”
 Such wits and beauties are not prais’d for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 ‘Twou’d burst ev’n Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The Mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer’s rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion’d fools !
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
 But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish’d, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov’d Chaplain goes,
 With band of Lilly, and with cheek of Rose,

NOTES.

* i.e. . Conscious that both her complexion and her hair are borrowed, she suspects that, when, in the common cant of flatterers, he calls her *beauty lime-twigs*, and her *hair a net* to catch lovers, he means to insinuate that her colours are coarsely laid on, and her borrowed hair loosely woven.

† Because all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal.

VER. 240. *Durer’s rules,*] Albert Durer.

So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition* ;
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelesness, good fashion :
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jestts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from goals to execution go,
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins ?) being among

Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D. 225

Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest :
Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* : 255
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both, 260
Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath :
The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.

He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door : 265
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse ;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from Jayls to execution go ;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all : 275

NOTE.

VER. 274. *For hung with deadly sins*] The Room hung
with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.

* Q

Those *Askaparts* ^b, men big enough to throw
Charing-Crofs for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant book, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away : Although I yet
 (With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

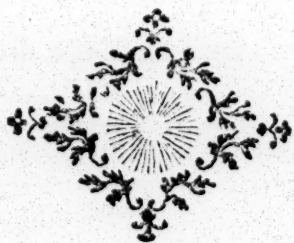
NOTE.

^b A Giant famous in Romances. P.

Sat. IV. V E R S I F I E D: 227

Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to tofs
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discovered spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Divine!
From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for holy writ.



S

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1727
1727

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES,
In Two Dialogues.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

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J. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignion Sculp.

O Sacred Weapon, left for Truth's Defence, —
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence! —
To all but Heaven-directed Hands denied, —
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

Ep. 2 to y. Sat.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRE S.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelve-month you appear in
Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

VARIATIONS.

After *✓* 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made :
Like good ** of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or like ** you'll lie a-bed too long.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelve-month etc.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

'Tis all from Horace; etc. P.

VER. 2. *the Court see nothing in't.*] He chose this expression for the sake of its elegant and satiric ambiguity. His writings abound in them.

You grow correct, that once, with Rapture writ,
 And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.
 Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel --- 5
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
 'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
 Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
 And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
 "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter." 10
 But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice*:
 Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,
 Blunt could *do Bus'ness*, H-ggins *knew the Town*;
 In Sappho touch the *Failing of the Sex*, 15
 In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.

VARIATIONS.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Bubo observes*,] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation. P.

VER. 14. *H-ggins*] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears*,] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins a Captain of

His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more ---
 And where's the Glory; 'twill be only thought 25
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT ---

P. See Sir ROBERT !--- hum ---

And never laugh --- for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.

NOTES.

an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master. P.

VER. 22. *Screen*.]

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit. Perf. P.

Ibid. *Screen*.] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. P.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. P.

VER. 26. *The Great man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister. P.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were

Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
 A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;
 A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*
 Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40
 A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
 These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
 And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man, so near 45
 "His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"
 Why, answer, LYTTLETON, and I'll engage
 The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:

NOTES.

originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

VER. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;*] Thus the Man commonly called *Mother Osborn*, who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Journals; for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

VER. 39. *A Joke on Jekyl,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem. P.

VER. 43. *These nothing hurts;*] i. e. offends.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttleton,*] George Lyttelton,

But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case 50
Sejanus, *Wolfey*, hurt not honest *FLEURY*,
 But well may put some Statesman in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes ;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.
 Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more. 56
 To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest ;
 Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
 At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60
 Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
 And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear-Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth :
 Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth !

NOTES.

Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty. P.

VER. 51. *Sejanus*, *Wolfey*.] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius ; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. § 137. P.

Ibid. *Fleury*.] Cardinal : and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.

Come, harmless Characters that no one hit; 65
 Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!
 The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
 The gracious Due of Pulpit Eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70
 That First was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
 O come, that easy Cicèronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the *Nation's* Sense;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Henley — Osborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyric speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. P.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!*] i. e. full of school-book phrases and Anglicisms.

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense;*] The cant of Politics at that time.

VER. 80. *Carolina*] Queen consort to King George II.

And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest !
 So — Satire is no more — I feel it die —
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I —
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why so ? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
 You still may lash the greatest — in Disgrace :
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all ;
 Would you know when ! exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S — k, and grave De — re.

NOTES.

She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.

How highly our Poet thought of that truly great personage may be seen by one of his letters to Mr. *Allen*, written at that time ; in which, amongst others, equally respectful, are the following words : “ The Queen shewed, “ by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness “ and temper to her last moments, and through the course “ of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know ; but all her domestic servants, “ and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that “ of sincere tears.”

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De—re !*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bed-chamber to King William ; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. *This* Lord was very skilful

Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a King!
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nephenthe of a Court;

NOTES.

in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P.

VER. 97. *There, where no Passion, etc.*] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the Spirit of Courts, and the Principle of Monarchies: "Qu'on lise ce que les Historiens de tous les tems ont dit sur la Cour des Monarques; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des hommes de tous les Païs sur le miserable caractère des COURTISANS; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oïveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enrichir sans travail, l'aversiion pour la vérité; la flatterie, la trahison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagements, le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'esperance de ses foiblesses, et plus, que tout cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les Principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les inferieurs soient gens-de-bien, que ceux-là soyent trompeurs, & que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans le Peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* infinue, qu'un Monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant-il est vrai que la Vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernement."

There, where no Father's, Brother's Friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:
 But past the Sense of human Miseries, 101
 All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
 glory, 105
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
 And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vexed,
 Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder seen such things
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110
 And at a Peer or Peerefs, shall I fret,
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?
 Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. in some editions,
 Who starves a Mother,

NOTES.

VER. 108. *gracious Prince*] The style of Addressees on
 an accession.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son*,—*Rich*] Two Players: look
 for them in the Dunciad. P.

A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie ?
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill ?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will ? 120
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings ?
 If Blount dispatch'd himself he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran !
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife ?
 This, this, my Friend, I cannot, must not bear ;
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care :
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
 And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin. 130

NOTES.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious and foolish book called *the Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.

VER. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A philosophical discourse on death*, being a defence of suicide.

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, etc.*] A Fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors. P.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, composed in the times of public calamity ; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant

Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
 Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life :
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

NOTES.

use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the People till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. *Let modest FOSTER,*] This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do.* Hist. of Civ. Wars. p. 62. SCRIBL.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied. P.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN with an aukward Shame, Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.*] The true Character of our Author's moral pieces, considered as a *supplement to human laws* (the force of which they have deservedly obtained) is, that his praise is always *delicate*, and his reproof *never misplaced*: and therefore the *first* not reaching the *head*, and the *latter* too sensibly touching the *heart* of his vulgar readers, have made him censured as a cold Panegyrist, and a caustic Satirist; whereas, indeed, he was the warmest friend, and the most placable enemy.

The lines above have been commonly given as an instance of this ungenerous backwardness in doing justice to merit. And, indeed, if fairly given, would bear hard upon the Author, who believed the person here celebrated to be one of the greatest characters in private life that ever was; and known by him to be, *in fact*, all, and

Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me;

NOTES.

much more than he had feigned in the imaginary virtues of *the man of Rest*. One, who, whether he be considered in his civil, social, domestic, or religious character, is, in all these views, an ornament to human nature.

And, indeed, we shall see, that what is here said of him agrees only with such a Character. But as both the thought and the expression have been censured, we shall consider them in their order.

*Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward Shame,
Do good by stealth——*

This encomium has been called *obscure* (as well as *pennurious*.) It may be so; not from any defect in the conception, but from the deepness of the sense; and, what may seem more strange, (as we shall see afterwards) from the elegance of phrase, and exactness of expression. We are so absolutely governed by custom, that to act contrary to it, creates even in virtuous men, who are ever modest, a kind of diffidence, which is the parent of *Shame*. But when, to this, there is joined a consciousness that, in forsaking custom, you follow truth and reason, the indignation arising from such a conscious virtue, mixing with *shame*, produces that amiable *awkwardness*, in going out of the fashion, which the Poet, here, celebrates.

and blush to find it Fame.

i. e. He blushed at the degeneracy of his times, which, at best, gave his goodness its due commendation (the thing he never aimed at) instead of following and imitating his example, which was the reason why some acts of it were not done by *stealth*, but more openly.

So far as to the *thought*: but it will be said,

tantamne rem tam negligenter?

And this will lead us to say something concerning the ex-

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
 She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
 And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth :
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore ;
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more, 144
 Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
 Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless ;
 In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo ! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
 Dragg'd in the Dust ! his arms hang idly round,
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground !
 Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
 Before her dance : behind her, crawl the Old !
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son !

NOTES.

pression, which will clear up what remains of the difficulty. In these lines, and in those which precede and follow them, are contained an ironical *neglect* of Virtue, and an ironical concern and *care* for Vice. So that the Poet's elegant correctness of composition required, that his language, in the first case should present something of negligence and censure ; which is admirably implied in the *expression* of the thought.

Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more !
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves !
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves !
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore :
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law :
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
“ Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy.” 170
Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

E P I L O G U E
T O T H E
S A T I R E S.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

D I A L O G U E II.

FR.
TIS all a Libel — Paxton (Sir) will say
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow faith
it may ;
And for that very cause I print to day.
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty-nine* ! 5
Vice, with such Giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain ;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising Genius sins up to my Song
F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash ; 10
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.

NOTES.

VER. I. *Paxton.*] Late solicitor to the Treasury.

VER. II. *Ev'n Guthry.*] The Ordinary of Newgate,

VOL. IV.

* R 3

Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir ! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice ?
Come on then, Satire ! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and fouce on all the kind. 15
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all !
Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall !
Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal ! name them, Who ?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20
I never nam'd ; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame — F. You mean — P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. Sec, now I keep the Secret, and not you !
The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go. 24

P. The brib'd Elector--F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what ;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not ?
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts be never more run down ?

Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30
As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires ?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean ?

NOTES.

who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there--why lay it on a King.

NOTES.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.*] For, as the reasonable *De la Bruyere* observes, " Qui ne fait être un ERASME, doit penser à être *Eveque*." SCRIBL.

VER. 39. *Wretched Wild.*] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged. P.

VER. 42. *for the love of Vice*] We must consider the Poet as here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of Politics, That *private vices are public benefits* SCRIBL.

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tem of Politics, That *private vices are public benefits* SCRIBL.

F. Stop ! stop !

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall ?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike ? why the man was hang'd ten years ago :
Who now that obsolete Example fears ? 56
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter ? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad :
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence --- 60

P. As S---k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S---k !

P. Do I wrong the Man ?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame, 64
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name ?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove
(Whent *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM'S Love)

NOTES.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery : and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.

VER. 65. *Scarb'row*] Earl of ; and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse ; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P.

VER. 66. *Esher's peaceful grove,*] The house and gar-

The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew !

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert ; 70
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove ?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love : 75

NOTES.

dens of Esher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

VER. 67. *Kent and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the Artist.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent*] These words (like those § 135. of the first *Dialogue*) are another instance of the malignity of the public judgment. The Poet thought, and not without reason, that they conveyed a very high idea of the worthy person to whom they are applied ; to be DECENT (or to become every station of life in which a man is placed) being the noblest encomium on his wisdom and virtue. It is the very topic he employs in speaking of a favourite friend, one he most esteemed and loved,

Noble and young, who strikes the heart,

With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry DECENT part.

The word in both places implying *every endowment of the heart*. As in that celebrated verse of Horace, from whence the expression was taken, and which no one has a better right to apply to himself than this excellent prelate :

Quid verum atque DECENS curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

So that to be *decent* is to excell in the moral character.

I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline ;
 Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
 I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great :
 CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble
 Flame, 80
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same :
 How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour !
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r !

NOTES.

VER. 77. *Sommers*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness. P.

Ibid Halifax] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the Change of Q. Anne's ministry. P.

VER. 79. *Shrewsbury*,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

VER. 80. *Carleton*] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

Ibid Stanhope] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. P.

How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85
 ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field :
 Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
 The Master of our Passions, and his own. 89
 Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
 Train;

And if yet higher the proud List should end,
 Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow *Virtue* ; where she shines, I praise : 95
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.

NOTES.

VER. 84. *Chesterfield*] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by Writers of all Parties for an EXAMPLE to the Age he lives in, of *superior talents*, and *public Virtue*.

VER. 88. *Wyndham*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure ; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, etc.*] He was at this time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince.

VER. 93. *Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *persons*.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
 Some, in their choice of Friends (nay look not grave)
 Have still a secret Byass to a Knave : 101
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended ?

P. Not so fierce ;

Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105
 But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done ;
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
 Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,
 For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground ; 110
 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
 Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend ? 115

NOTES.

VER. 99. *my Lord May'r*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A Citizen eminent for his virtue, public Spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a Statue to him. But, his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man.

What RICHIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
 No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line; 120
 O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no
 sin,

I think your Friends are out and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lye.

NOTES.

VER. 116. *Louis scarce could gain.*] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which flattery he gives an instance in § 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant.

VER. 127. *I only call those Knaves who are so now.*] He left it to Time to tell them,

Cato is as great a Rogue as you.

not the *Cato* of *Virgil*, but the *Cato* of Mr. Pope. See the *Ep. on Riches*.

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place. Dunc. B. ii. § 315.

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130
 And LYTTLETON a dark, designing Knave,
 ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool---
 But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
 Has never made a Friend in private life,
 And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
 Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
 Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,
 When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 141
 Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
 To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
 Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
 But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?

NOTES.

VER. 130. *Polwarth.*] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

VER. 136. *do I blame? Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?*] The Leaders of Parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their business by compendium: A single rule of Rhetoric, which they may have learnt of Quintilian, or perhaps of a much older Sophist, does their business, *Si nihil, quod nos adjuvet, erit, quæramus quid Adversarium lædat.* SCRIB.

VER. 141. *When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,*] If this band of Pensioners were so offensive while embodied

Dial. II. TO THE SATIRES. 255

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules 146
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay :
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave ;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest : 155
Which not at present having time to do---
F. Hold Sir ! for God's-sake where's th' Affront to
you ?

Against your worship when had S---k writ ?
Or P---ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit ?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend*]
To W---le guilty of some venial sin ;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in ?

NOTES.

and under discipline, what must we think of their disorders since they were disbanded and become free-booters ? No virtue nor merit hath escaped them. They have made a great City in the South, too much resemble another in the North, where the products of night and darkness are discharged from *Garrets* on every honest man that comes within their reach.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown. 165

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came; }
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171

As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;

If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,

Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175

As pure a mess almost as it came in;

The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:

The last full fairly gives it to the *House*. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;

And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

NOTES.

VER. 164. *The Priest etc.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. P.

VER. 166. *And how did, etc.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made § 71. of the preceding Dialogue, P.

But hear me further — Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
 Without a staring Reason on his brows?
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
 The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
 When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
 Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
 Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, 201
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
 Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
 And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 185. *Japhet — Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. P.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*]

F. You're strangely proud

P. So proud, I am no Slave :

So impudent, I own myself no Knave : 206

So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see

Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210

Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence,

Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence !

To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,

The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide :

NOTES.

From Terence : " Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum
" puto." P.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud ; etc.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

VER. 211 *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The Passions are given us to awake and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *Satire*.

VER. 214. *To all but Heav'n-directed hands*] " The
" Citizen (says *Plato*, in his fifth book of *Laws*) who does
" no injury to any one, without question, merits our esteem. He, who, not content with being barely just
" himself, opposes the *course* of injustice, by prosecuting
" it before the Magistrate, merits our esteem vastly more.
" The *first* discharges the duty of a single Citizen ; but
" the *other* does the office of a Body. But he whose zeal
" stops not here, but proceeds to ASSIST THE MAGISTRATE

Rev'rent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ; 116
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
 Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains, 220
 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
 Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day !
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :

NOTES.

" IN PUNISHING is the most precious blessing of Society.
 " This is the PERFECT CITIZEN, to whom we should
 " adjudge the *prize of Virtue*."

VER. 220. *Ye Insects*—*The Muse's wing shall brush you all away*:] This it did very effectually ; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his library a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him ;

*The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape.*

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos ; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job :

Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book. Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. v. 35, 36.

VER. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. P.

All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings, 224
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
 All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
 A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
 Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. 231

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
 Shrine,

VARIATIONS.

After *γ* 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?
 —With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
 Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
 How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
 Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
 As to the regal-touch, and papal-toe;
 Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
 Britain to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

VER. 228. *When black Ambition etc.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (*γ* 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) “*il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale à nos ennemis.*” P.

Her Priestess's Muse forbids the Good to die,
 And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235
 There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as *Anstis* casts into the Grave ;
 Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from STAIR :
 (Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine)
 Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
 And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings ;
 Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the Incense rise,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies : 245
 Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine,
 Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law ;

NOTES.

VER. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

VER. 239. *Stair*:] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle ; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough ; and afterwards as Ambassador in France. P.

VER. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*] Dr. John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

VER. 249. *on the edge of Law*:] From the summit of

Here, Last of Britons ! let your Names be read ; 250
 Are none, none living ? let me praise the Dead,
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
 Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr. Alas ! alas ! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes. and write *Essays on Man*.

NOTES.

law is a dreadful precipice, which may well make Truth herself tremble. And from thence came the common proverb, *Summum jus, summa injuria*. SCRIBL.

VER. ult.] This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more ; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks ; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies ; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. P.

ON

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld the Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms ;

“ And take (she said, and smil’d serene)

“ Take at this hand celestial arms :

“ Secure the radiant weapons wield ;

“ The golden lance shall guard Desert,

“ And if a Vice dares keep the field,

“ This steel shall stab it to the heart.”

Aw’d, on my bended knees I fell,

Receiv’d the weapons of the sky ;

And dipt them in the fable Well,

The fount of Fame or Infamy.

“ What *well*? what *weapon*? (Flavia cries)

“ A standish, steel and golden pen ;

“ It came from Bertrand’s^a, not the skies :

“ I gave it you to write again.

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] a Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

^a A famous toy-shop at Bath.

- “ But, Friend, take heed whom you attack ;
 “ You’ll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
 “ Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
 “ L—— and all about your ears.

 “ You’d write as smooth again on glass,
 “ And run, on ivory, so glib,
 “ As not to stick at fool or ass ^b,
 “ Nor stop at Flattery or Fib ^c.

 “ *Athenian Queen ! and sober charms !*
 “ I tell ye, fool, there’s nothing in’t :
 “ ’Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ^d ;
 “ In Dryden’s Virgil see the print ^e.

 “ Come, if you’ll be a quiet soul,
 “ That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies ^f,
 “ I’ll list you in the harmless roll
 “ Of those that sing of these poor eyes.”

NOTES.

^b The *Dunciad*.

^c The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

^d Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.

^e When she delivers Æneas a suit of heavenly armour.

^f i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* poem.—He was then meditating on such a work.

